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ART. I.—*Letters from a late eminent Prelate to one of his Friends. The second edition.* 8vo. London, 1809. Cadell. *pp.* 510.

WE have to apologize for the late notice of these valuable Letters; but the delay has been occasioned by circumstances which it is needless to explain.

The names of Warburton and of Hurd, (particularly the former,) possessed a splendour and a magnitude in the latter half of the last century, which they no longer retain in the first decade of the present.—They were giants in those days, but they are now reduced to the stature of ordinary men.—Of all that Warburton wrote, much as it was once applauded by his friends and reviled by his foes, nothing remains (with the exception of the present volume of Letters,) which excites any curiosity or interest. His divine Legation, which is such a vague and circuitous defence of revelation, that it rather weakens than corroborates the argument, may be sometimes quoted, but it is never read, except by a few recluse theologues and literati, who are still left, of the old school.—A sort of traditionary respect still adheres to the name of Warburton, among those, whose fathers or grandfathers thought him a demigod among critics and divines: but this feeling is daily becoming less general, and ere another generation has succeeded the present, it is probable that it will have entirely disappeared.—If his memory be at all cherished by posterity, we believe that he will be more indebted for the boon to the present posthumous Letters, than to all his other works. This is a serious warning to men of learning and genius, as Warburton certainly was, not to waste their time and their talents on topics, which excite only a fugitive interest, or have only an ephemeral importance, which

they derive from the conflicts of heated sectaries and turbulent polemics.

Physical truth, when it is accurately and luminously displayed, and moral truth, when it is developed with sagacity and enforced with pathos, have a charm that is not readily dissolved; but the doctrinal peculiarities either of Christianity or of Judaism, or of any of the sects which have branched from either, are things which must at all times have rather a factitious, a fugitive, and limited, than a real, a durable and universal interest.—The laws of the moral world, though they are more intricate, obscure, and *apparently* contradictory than those of the physical, yet constitute the grandest and the most interesting subject, which can occupy the mind of intellectual and accountable man.—But those theological questions, which have no relation to the laws of the moral world, to the rules of human conduct, and to the means, or the constituents of human happiness, must be regarded by the wise and by the good, as a mere waste of learning, of talents and of time. The various topics of dispute, which are engendered by folly mingled with superstition, by superstition acting on folly, or by hypocrisy making use of both for some sinister purpose, may be regarded as fœtid effluvia rising from a morass, which attract attention, disseminate contagion, or injure the community for a season, till the noxious waters are drawn off and the source of the evil is removed by the good sense, the genius or the industry of man. But when a more salubrious atmosphere is restored, the former pestilential vapour is neither heeded nor remembered any more.

But it is time to revert more immediately to the subject of the present Letters. The Letters exclusive of the Appendix, are 257 in number, and by much the larger part of them is from Warburton to Hurd. The first is dated June 1st, 1749, and the last, December 19th, 1776. When this correspondence commenced, Warburton was in his fifty-first and Hurd in his thirty-first year.—Warburton was in the zenith of his fame; Hurd was just emerging from obscurity. Their acquaintance originated in the praise which Hurd had bestowed on Warburton, in his edition of Horace's Epistle to the Pisos. Warburton, if we may judge from his first letter, was not only pleased, but pleased to rapture with the praise. His whole heart and soul instantly expanded towards the author of the elegant panegyric. He made Mr. Hurd an offer of his friendship, and he solicited his in return.

Hurd has not published the letter which he returned in answer to Warburton's first frank and warm-hearted epistle. Indeed, though this is the first, yet it is far from being the only occasion in which we have either to regret, or to repre-

hend, the suppression of *Hurd's own Letters* to Warburton. There are several instances in which Warburton indulges his abuse against particular individuals, when we may be convinced by the turn of his letters, by his allusions or replications, that Hurd himself had furnished the original incitement, and instigated the giant in his wrath to belabour his foes, and to shew no mercy to many of his friends. But the wary policy of Hurd, has kept back those letters in which he effused his malevolence, or his spleen against his contemporaries, and left Warburton alone to bear all the odium of that often illiberal, violent and uncharitable censure which Hurd himself had insidiously attempted to excite.

As we proceed in the examination of these letters, we shall either notice or extract some of those passages which contain any thing remarkable in the thought, the manner or the expression. In Letter V. Warburton rather exultingly maintains a charge of plagiarism against Bentley. Speaking of the contest of Bentley with the Oxonians respecting the epistles of Phalaris, Warburton says,

'On this subject I must tell you a story.—The only thing the Oxford people hit off was Bentley's plagiarism, from Vizzanius. And when they had done, they could not support it against Bentley's defence: who solemnly denies it, avers it was a calumny, and gives this proof of his innocence, that the Greek passage quoted by him from Jamblicus, on which both he and Vizzanius had founded their discoveries, is differently translated by them. 'The thing as I said it,' says the Doctor, 'is thus, the Pythagoreans enjoined all the Greeks that entered themselves into the society, to use *every man his mother tongue* [φωνῇ χρῆσθαι τῇ πατρίῳ], Ocellus therefore being a Dorian of Lucania must have writ in the Doric. This I took to be Jamblicus his meaning. But Vizzanius has represented it thus, That they enjoined all that came to them to use *the mother tongue of Crotona*, which was the Doric. Whether Vizzanius or I have hit upon the true meaning, *perhaps all competent readers will not be of a mind.*' p. 384. of Dis. Def. To this the Oxford men had nothing to reply, though in the future editions they replied to many parts of the *Defence*. And yet I will venture to say this very Defence was his conviction.

'Observe the diffidence of the concluding words; so contrary to the Doctor's manner, that one would suspect he was convinced Vizzanius was right. The truth of the matter is this; the Doctor between his writing the Dissertation on Phalaris and this *Def.* had looked into Jamblicus; and found (as you will find if you look into him) that it admits of no other meaning. Yet I will venture to say the words of Jamblicus taken separately, just as they are quoted by Vizzanius without the context, would have been translated by every man, who understood the Greek

idiom, just as Dr. Bentley has translated them. From whence I conclude that when Dr. Bentley wrote the Dissertation on Phalaris, he had seen the words of Jamblicus no where but in Vizzanius, consequently the charge upon him was just.'

The charge against Bentley which is here adduced, amounts to this, that he quotes a passage from Jamblichus at second-hand, or through the medium of Vizzanius. But we are of opinion that Bentley *had not seen Vizzanius*, when he first wrote on Phalaris. Warburton however concludes with no small degree of assurance, that when Bentley wrote the Dissertation on Phalaris, he had seen the words of Jamblichus no where but in Vizzanius! This is a question of no great importance, and of very little interest to the general reader, but it is one of some critical nicety, as it affects the literary reputation both of Bentley and of Warburton. We will therefore examine it with more minuteness than it would otherwise deserve; and we must apologize to those readers who are not fond of such discussions, for the tediousness of the details.

Vizzanius edited Ocellus Lucanus 'de mundi natura,' Bononiæ, 1646. In his Preface, p. 14. Vizzanius vindicates the authenticity of the work, by comparing the sense of parts of it with a fragment de legibus, written in the Doric dialect and preserved in Stobœus. Egl. Physic. lib. 1. cap. 24; and he maintains on the evidence of what is contained in the last chapter, that Jamblichus had seen the works of Lucanus.—He proceeds ('Nec quenpiam turbari contingat, quod et de lege fragmentum eosque ulterius, quos retulit Stobœus textus, iisdem quidem omnino vocibus, at diversa, Dorica scilicet dialecto videat expressos: Hinc enim nulla operi demenda fides, quod ipsa dogmata suo abunde vindicent auctori. Id certe asserendum crediderim Ocellum, Dorica dialecto suum opus conscripsisse tum quia Pythagoræos quoslibet illi studuisse comperio, quos legerim, si tamen de antiquis sit sermo: tum quia id Pythagoræ suadeant instituta, *qui semper Græcorum idiomatum Doricum maxime voluit sectari, tum antiquius tum etiam præstantius illud semper arbitratus, testę Jamblicho,*' (here a *reference* in margin to cap. 34.) 'indeque tenui ac facili imitatione Ocelli opera ad Atticam traducta dialectum, ut scilicet, celeberrima dogmata illa exprimerentur dialecto, quam maxime familiarem Græciæ ejusdem elegantia constituerat, eo fere pacto, quo Lusitano idiomate ab eruditis viris conscripta opera in Castellanam amœniorem veluti dictionem transferri haud raro conspicimus exemplo.' Again, p. 8 ('Ocellum Lucanum Pythagoræum fuisse nemini sit dubium, et *huic Sectæ Doricum phrasim vel ex ipsius Pythagoræ præcepto familiarem* fuisse' (no reference) quæ véte-

rum supersunt Pythagoræorum scripta aperte demonstrant.) In cap. 34. Jamblichus says of the Pythagoreans, that 'φωνη χρησθαι τη πατρωα εκαστοις παρηγγελλον οσοι των Ελληνων προσηλθον προς την κοινωνιαν ταυτην, το γαρ ξενιζειν συν εθισμαζον'. The father of Pythagoras was of Samos, though Jamblichus, in cap. 2. speaks of Pythagoras himself as born at Sidon in Phœnicia, and therefore though the Doric was the dialect of Crotona, where he is said to have resided for many years, yet it was not the native dialect of the philosopher, though it was that of his immediate followers. Ocellus, as a native of Lucania, must have written in the Doric, for it was in Magna Græcia that that dialect prevailed.

In the passages which we have quoted from Vizzanius, we particularly request the reader to remark, that he says nothing about *Crotona*, as the extract from Bentley would lead us to suppose: and that Vizzanius does *not quote the words of Jamblichus*, as Warburton asserts.—Hence, we infer that when Bentley wrote his defence, he gave the general sense of Vizzanius without referring to the book; and that Warburton himself did not look into Vizzanius when he wrote this letter to Hurd, but supposed from the way in which *Bentley had quoted* the words of Jamblichus (φωνη χρησθαι τη πατρωα) without the context, that he had taken them immediately from Vizzanius without referring to Jamblichus. It is clear to demonstration that Bentley was no plagiary from Vizzanius when he first wrote on Phalaris, but that he had subsequently seen Vizzanius, and that afterwards, when he wrote his defence, he gave his own explanation of the words of Jamblichus, as well as that of Vizzanius, but rather *as the latter occurred to his memory, than from an immediate reference to the book.* The specification of the mother tongue *of Crotona* is sufficient to prove this; and the assertion of Warburton that the words of Jamblichus *are quoted* by Vizzanius, *when they are only referred to in the margin*, abundantly proves that he did not look into Vizzanius when he endeavoured to convict Bentley of a plagiarism.—The unusual *diffidence* which Warburton remarks in the concluding words of Bentley, instead of being a proof that Bentley was a plagiary from Vizzanius only shew that Bentley secretly believed the explanation which Vizzanius had given of the words of Jamblichus to be better than his own.

In Letter VI. Warburton says, that in the conclusion of his Julian he is 'strongly tempted to have a stroke at Hume.'—'I have a great mind to *do justice* to his argument, against miracles, which might be done in few words. But,' adds he 'does he deserve notice? Is he now amongst you? Pray answer me these questions. For, if his own weight keeps him

down, I should be sorry to contribute to his advancement to any place but the pillory.'—While Warburton was thus contemptuously talking of Hume, he little thought that, in the revolution of about half a century, Hume would be blazing like a star of the first magnitude in the literary hemisphere, while his own pale and languid fires were almost extinct.—Is not this the instructive fate of overweening arrogance, which in the full-blown vanity of its prosperous hour, thinks to destroy with the mere breath of its mouth the budding hopes of genius, less applauded by fashion and less favoured by fortune!!! But time is the final dispenser of justice to intellectual eminence.

To hear Warburton say of Hume, 'Pray does he deserve notice?'—to hear him talk as if *his* notice would exalt him to celebrity, and at the same time, to recollect that the works of Hume are universally read and admired, while those of Warburton are almost as universally forgotten, is a lesson which not only shews the vanity of authorship, but should teach those authors to be humble, who seem raised above their peers, or even, in a mental sense, their superiors, by accidental circumstances, by great wealth or elevated rank.

In the VIIth Letter, as in other places, Warburton talks of the court in such an uncourtly style as hardly beseemed his episcopal mouth 'The dreadful month of November! when the little wretches hang and drown themselves, and the great ones sell themselves to the C—— and the devil'—'Not that I would fright you from that *earthly* pandemonium, a C ——,' &c.

Letter VIII. is the first from Hurd which we find in the collection. Though written in what may be called the heyday of youth, when the spirits are brisk and the circulation strong, it is like most of the Bishop's other works, a wary, formal, hesitating, insinuating and cold-blooded production.—The praise of Warburton in the letters of Hurd is sometimes very artfully managed and delicately interwoven with apparently extenuating observations, but it is often very gross.—The praise which Warburton lavishes on Hurd, seems to come from the inmost heart, and to be effused without any scantiness or parsimony, from the exuberant stores of boundless panegyric.—Both these churchmen, who had no common voracity for mutual praise, seem to think that like two lovers they can never say kind, nor handsome things enough of each other. Both are oracles, and it seems a question which is the most infallible. Both are ready like two popes, who should have agreed to support each other's infallibility, to sustain the honour of each other, against every assailant. Raised in their own conceit to a pinnacle of greatness far above any, or all

their contemporaries, they almost seem like the figure of Fame to touch the sky with their heads and the earth with their feet. The rest of mankind are but dwarfs and pigmies in the eyes of these incomparable doctors; and they treat them in general with as little ceremony, as if they inherited none of their imperfections.

In Letter VIII. Hurd says of Warburton's Discourse on Julian 'The introduction, which respects Dr. Middleton is extremely handsome. I agree with you that he ought to be pleased. *That he will be so there may be reason to doubt.* I suspect your candour hath put a distinction, which the learned inquirer never thought of. However a fair occasion is offered of explaining himself.' This is a little specimen of Hurd's dry, formal, insidious, hesitating, insinuating style, of his proneness to excite doubts not favourable to others, and to prevent satisfaction where it might otherwise have been felt. All this is covered with a thin veil of candour and openness. Why should *he* doubt the complacency of Middleton, if Warburton did not? Why would *he suspect* what could never have occurred to Warburton's more ingenuous mind? The mind of Hurd had a natural tincture of malevolence, with which he imbued every subject that he touched. Those who read his Dissertation on the Delicacy of Friendship, and his 'Letter to Dr. Leland,' in which he most pertinaciously endeavoured absolutely to torture two most amiable, modest, retired and enlightened scholars and divines, with the malice of his cavils, his insinuations and his sneers, will be convinced that the sycophant of Warburton and the calumniator of almost every other man of genius, of learning and of worth, was one of the least benevolent of his species, even though he rose to be a mitred peer.

In Letter XII. which was written Dec. 4th 1749, about six months after the correspondence had commenced between Warburton and Hurd, we find the former recommending the latter to the then bishop of London, for one of the preacherships at Whitehall. The language which Warburton uses on this occasion, is that of the most zealous and warm-hearted friend. The fervid, generous, unreserved temperament of Warburton is, on this occasion, as it is throughout the Letters, well contrasted with the constitutional coldness, the measured pace, and the calculating caution of Hurd. Warburton tells the Bishop that Hurd is his 'intimate friend,' that 'he is one of the best scholars in the kingdom,' 'of parts and genius equal to his learning, and a moral character that adorns both.' The application was favourably received, and a little more publicity was thus given to the talents of Hurd.

In Letter XV. we have the following effusion of wit on the different expositions of Job:

'Poor Job! It was his eternal fate to be persecuted by his friends. His three comforters passed sentence of condemnation upon him, and he has been executing *in effigie* ever since. He was first bound to the stake by a long catena of Greek fathers; then tortured by Pineda; then strangled by Caryl, and afterwards cut up by Wesley, and anatomized by Garnet. Pray don't reckon me amongst his hangmen. I only acted the tender part of his wife, and was for making short work with him. But he was ordained, I think, by a fate like that of Prometheus, to lie still upon his dunghill and have his brains sucked out by owls. One Hodges, a head of Oxford, now threatens us with a new *Auto de fe.*

In Letter XVI. we have the following gross flattery to Hurd, which is only a small specimen of the large cargo of reciprocal adulation with which this clerical and episcopal correspondence abounds. 'Nothing can be more useful than the note you propose about imitation in works of genius. *The thing is not at all understood. And no wonder; it is deep; and is reserved for you.*'

In Letter XX. Warburton calls Bishop Berkeley a great man; and says that he is the only visionary he ever knew that was.—In Letter XXIII. Warburton says

'The warfare of us soldiers of the church militant is upon much worse terms than that of our predecessors. By the connivance at least of our superiors, our pay is lessened, and our duty doubled. Our predecessors had but one point to gain, which was to persuade people to save their souls. We have two: first, to persuade them they have souls to be saved; which is so long a doing, that before we come to the second, we are ready to give place to another generation, and are both on our death-beds by the time this comes in question.'

In the following passage in Letter XXIV. where the writer is mentioning the last illness of Middleton, and his scepticism with respect to revealed religion, Warburton breaks out into a sort of rapturous eulogy on the power and excellence of Christianity, which has every appearance of expressing what he really felt, and so far bears testimony to the sincerity of his belief, which has been occasionally questioned.

'I hear Dr. Middleton has been lately at London (I suppose to consult Dr. Heberden about his health), and is returned in an extreme bad condition. The scribblers against him will say they have killed him. But, by what Mr. Yorke told me, his brick-

layer will dispute the honour of his death with them. Seriously I am much concerned for the poor man, and wish he may recover with all my heart. Had he had, I will not say, piety, but greatness of mind enough not to suffer the pretended injuries of some churchmen to prejudice him against religion, I should love him living, and honour his memory when dead. But, good God! that man, for the discourtesies done him by his miserable fellow creatures, should be content to divest himself of the true viaticum, the comfort, the solace, the asylum from all the evils of human life, is perfectly astonishing! I believe no one (all things considered) has suffered more from the low and vile passions of the high and low amongst our brethren than myself. Yet God forbid it should ever suffer me to be cold in the gospel interests, which are indeed so much my own, that without it I should be disposed to consider humanity as the most forlorn part of the creation.'

What the learned editor of the Tracts by Warburton, &c. said of the *suspected infidelity* of this prelate several years ago, is greatly corroborated by the evidence of the letters which have been published since.

'Why Dr. Warburton,' says the learned theologue 'was *ever* suspected even of secret infidelity, I know not. But I am persuaded that his writings were sincerely intended to establish the truth of Christianity, and that many of them are worthy of the great and good cause in which they were honourably employed. What he was *inclined* to think upon subjects of religion, before, perhaps, he had either leisure or ability to examine them, depends only upon obscure surmise, or vague report. But we have the stubborn evidence of facts to ascertain what he really *did* think, after he had searched and believed. As to the charge of Heterodoxy, I shall leave his R. R. biographer to admit, or to confute it, as he may find himself able. But the accusation of Deism, which has more than once been brought against his writings, is too wicked to escape without some mark of reprobation, and too weak to deserve a serious and formal reply. It was indignantly broached at first by an English dunce, whose blunders and calumnies are now happily forgotten. It afterwards was petulantly repeated by a French buffoon, whose morality is not commensurate with his wit, and many of whose assertions in history and biography every man of sense reads with distrust, and sometimes with contempt.'

In Letter XXIV. the following lines are very affectionately quoted by Warburton to designate his regard for Hurd, though we will not vouch for the appropriate justness of some parts of the encomium.

'Te mihi junxerunt nivei sine crimine mores,
Simplicitasque sagax, ingenuusque pudor,
Et benè nota fides, et candor frontis honestæ,
Et studia a studiis non aliena meis.'

In Letters XXX. XXXI. very kind and respectful mention is made of Balguy, who was already the friend of Hurd, and whose friendship was sought by Warburton. The openheartedness of Warburton is very conspicuous on this, as on other occasions. Balguy was after this very intimate with Warburton, and in the year 1789, a great writer said that

'No man living was in his opinion more able than Dr. Balguy to unfold with precision the character of Bishop Warburton, or to state with impartiality the merits of those controversies in which he was engaged.'

Tracts of Warburton and a Warburtonian, p. 183.

Of the friendship of Balguy and of Hurd, Warburton says, 'these are all the pluralities, which are not sinecures, which I would accept; and the only ones I am ambitious of.' In Letter XXXV. Warburton says,

'I forgot to mention my approbation of one thing you said in one of yours, which implied your contempt for the character of Atticus. I confess, of all that were ever called virtuous men, his character to me is the least amiable: and I believe neither of us, though we might *want*, could *esteem* such a friend.'

It is not a little remarkable that this character of Atticus, which Hurd seemed to despise and which Warburton palpably abhorred, bore no small resemblance to that of Hurd himself, whom Warburton so unreservedly loved. A coldness which could hardly be exceeded by that of Atticus, or any other disciple of Epicurus, was the characteristic peculiarity of Hurd. It is chillingly felt in his most studied as well as in his less studied compositions. In his sermons, in his dialogues, in his letters, we shall find it difficult to produce a passage which excites any rapturous emotion, any enthusiastic glow. There is a frigid sameness in the sensations, which perhaps, was not less the effect of acquired wariness than of natural temperament. In one of his letters, Hurd, who had previously expressed his contempt for the insensate character of Atticus, complains of the coldness in Clarke's Sermons, but the sermons of Clarke are, we think, calculated to produce more *aesthetic* excitement than those of Hurd. If Clarke's Sermons are cold, the quality arises rather from the argumentative sedateness, than the natural temperament of the man.

But the sensations of Hurd were seldom above, but often below, the freezing point.

Opinions and certain mental modes may be communicated from one to another; and by living much with any particular individual, especially if of superior abilities, we insensibly imbibe his opinions or glide into his habits. But the *natural temperament* of the man is not changed nor modified with so much facility as his habits and opinions. That which we bring into the world we seem to carry out, whether it be frigid or fiery, sensitive or insensate. The remark may be exemplified by the intimacy of Hurd with Warburton. Hurd admired and esteemed Warburton; he always corresponded with him, often lived with him, and as much as possible conformed his *intellectual modes* to those of Warburton; but yet his *natural temperament*, remained chill as the snow on the Alps, though that of Warburton was hot as the crater of Vesuvius. Atticus, whose insensibility seems to have incurred the contempt even of Hurd, was tranquilly cold, when the passions of individuals were as hot and turbulent as the state of the commonwealth. But the cold and torpid Atticus was the friend and the correspondent of the ardent Brutus and of the sensitive Cicero. Hence we see that friendship may exist without similarity of temperament. But similarity of pursuits seems more essential to the existence of this hallowed union; and in this case the continuance may be promoted by dissimilarity of temperament. If Warburton had been as cold as Hurd, or Hurd as hot as Warburton, their friendship might have been less stable and permanent. There would have been more room for jealousy, if the powers which they exercised in a common cause had been the same in kind; but when each brought to the subject a different train of thinking or mode of expression arising from the difference of constitution and temperament, each could admire the other without undervaluing himself.

Warburton like Burke, seems to have found it more difficult to please himself than the public. He was indefatigable in the correction of his works, but we believe that the original materials were often better than those by which they were replaced. 'Second thoughts' are the safest and the best in the conduct of life, as they have less hazardous temerity, though they have at the same time often less genuine virtue than the first; but in literary composition, the first thoughts have, in the great majority of instances, more of the glow of genius than the second; and repeated subsequent correction, though it may increase the accuracy or the polish, often destroys the animation of the piece. 'I believe' says Warburton, 'there are some thousand alterations, in the language only in the se-

cond edition of Julian, and the first volume of the Divine Legation now in the press, is so transmogrified, that you will scarcely know it again.'

The wit, and the arrogance of Warburton, as well as the inflated conceit of this mighty *duumvirate*, are admirably characterized in the following, from Letter XXXV.

'I had forgot to tell you that our friend Browne is now on a visit (on invitation) at Mr. George Lyttelton's. It is about 250 miles from him, and he is accompanied by his friend, Dr. Law, as far as Litchfield; who takes this opportunity to visit his friend, the Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry. Which will prove the better patron, the Layman or the Archpriest, for an even wager? And you shall choose your side. I think they might as well have gone to hell (I mean the classical hell) to consult Tiresias in the ways of *thriving*. God help them; for they are a couple of helpless creatures in the ways of this world; and nothing to bear their charges but a little honesty, which, like Don Quixote's chivalry, will pass current in never an inn between Carlisle and London. Those who have the noble ambition to make their *regular stages*, must dash through thick and thin; must be soundly bespattered; and, what to an ingenuous mind is as grievous, must as heartily bespatter. But they deserve no pity. What is hard, is, that such travellers as you and I, who pick our way, and would ride at our ease; who fear nothing but being *benighted*; and for the rest, can sleep as soundly at the *Thatched-House*, as at the *Mitre-Inn*; that we should be bespattered by the busy, dirty, servile rascals, that post by us, and view us with an eye of jealousy if we ride briskly, or with contempt if we saunter, this I say is very provoking. What could make that important blockhead (you know whom) preach against me at St. James's? He never met me at Court, or at Powis or Newcastle-House. And what was it to him whether the Jews had a future life? It might be well for such as him, if the Christians had none neither. Nor, I dare say, does he much trouble himself about the matter, while he stands foremost amongst you, in the new *land of promise*; which however, to the mortification of these modern Jews, is a little distant from that of *performance*.

There is some wit in the quotation which we shall next give; and it marks, but not so much as many other passages in the book, the little respect in which Warburton held the members of the established hierarchy.

'The Bishop of Clogher, or some such heathenish name, in Ireland, has just published a book. It is made up out of the rubbish of old heresies; of a much ranker cast than common Arianism. Jesus Christ is Michael; and the Holy Ghost, Gabriel, &c. This might be heresy in an English bishop; but in an Irish, 'tis only a blunder. But thank God, our bishops are

all far from making or vending heresies; though for the good of the church, they have excellent eyes at spying it out whenever it skulks or lies hid.'

In Letter XLII. we have a very just distinction between simple passions as they may be viewed abstractedly by a metaphysician, and those passions as they are blended with numerous modifying influences and counteracting powers in the characters of individuals. The remarks themselves, though particularly applied to Atheism and Superstition may be very usefully and without much violence transferred to various subjects of philosophy and criticism.

'Amongst the several sophisms of Plutarch's comparison between Atheism and Superstition, this is one: where he speaks of the actual (not potential) effects of each, instead of considering what Atheistical and Superstitious men have ever done since there were two such characters, he only tells us what are the natural effects of two such passions in the abstract, simple, and unmixed, which they never are in the concrete; and would persuade us that what such simple passions naturally produce, they do produce in those men in whom they are found to be the reigning passions.'

In Letter XLVII. we have a very good humoured piece of pleasantry on Noah's ark, which according to the different dispositions of the reader, will produce either the arch sneer, the broad grin, or the loud laugh. We leave it to the bench of bishops to determine whether it be consistent with episcopal gravity.

'You mention Noah's ark. I have really forgot what I said of it. But I suppose I compared the church to it, as many a grave divine has done before me.—The Rabbins make the giant Gog or Magog contemporary with Noah, and convinced by his preaching. So that he was disposed to take the benefit of the ark. But here lay the distress; it by no means suited his dimensions. Therefore, as he could not enter in, he contented himself to ride upon it astride. And though you must suppose that, in that stormy weather, he was more than half-boots over, he kept his seat, and dismounted safely, when the ark landed on Mount Ararat. Image now to yourself this illustrious cavalier mounted on his *hackney:* and see if it does not bring before you the church, bestrid by some lumpish minister of state, who turns and winds it at his pleasure. The only difference is, that Gog believed the preacher of righteousness and religion.'

From Letter L. we select two remarks. 'Princes pick off from dunghills the curiosities for their cabinet, and then complain of being bewrayed.' 'Warmth of friendship, after all

is what makes a two-legged animal deserve the name of man.' Letter LX. is very sprightly, animated and eloquent. The English language does not furnish many better. We shall quote a large part of it.

'I agree with you, that our good friend is a little whimsical as a philosopher, or a poet, in his project of improving himself in men and manners; though as a *fine gentleman*, extremely fashionable in his scheme. But as I dare say, this is a character he is above, tell him I would recommend to him a voyage now and then with me round the Park; of ten times more ease, and ten thousand times more profit, than making the *grand tour*; whether he chooses to consider it in a philosophico-poetical, or in an ecclesiastico-political light.

'Let us suppose his mind bent on improvements in poetry. What can afford nobler hints for *pastoral* than the cows and the milk-women at your entrance from Spring-Gardens? As you advance, you have noble subjects for comedy and farce, from one end of the *Mall* to the other; not to say satire; to which our worthy friend has a kind of propensity.

'As you turn to the left, you soon arrive at *Rosamond's-pond*, long consecrated to disastrous love, and *elegiac* poetry. The *Bird-cage-walk*, which you enter next, speaks its own influence, and inspires you with the gentle spirit of Madrigral and Sonnet. When we come to *Duck-Island*, we have a double chance for success, in the georgic or didactic poetry, as the governor of it Stephen Duck, can both instruct our friend in the breed of his wild-fowl, and lend him of his genius to sing their generations.

'But now, in finishing our tour, we come to a place indeed, the seed-plot of Dettingen and Fontenoy, the place of trumpets and kettle-drums, of horse and foot-guards, the *Parade*. The place of heroes and demi-gods, the eternal source of the greater poetry, from whence springs that *acmè* of human things, an epic poem; to which our friend has consecrated all his happier hours.

'But suppose his visions for the bays be now changed for the brighter visions of the mitre, here still must be his circle; which on one side presents him with those august towers of St. James's, which, though neither seemly nor sublime, yet ornament that place where the balances are preserved, which weigh out liberty and property to the nations all abroad: and on the other, with that sacred venerable dome of St. Peter, which, though its head rises and remains in the clouds, yet carries in its bowels the very flower and quintessence of ecclesiastical policy.

'This is enough for any one who only wants to study men for his use. But if our aspiring friend would go higher, and study human nature in and for itself, he must take a much larger tour than that of Europe. He must go first and catch her undressed, nay quite naked, in North America and at the Cape of Good Hope. He may then examine how she appears crampt, contracted, and buttoned close up in the straight tunic of law and

custom, as in China and Japan; or spread out, and enlarged above her common size, in the long and flowing robe of enthusiasm, amongst the Arabs and Saracens. Or lastly, as she flutters in the old rags of worn-out policy and civil government, and almost ready to run back, naked to the deserts, as on the Mediterranean coast of Africa. These, tell him, are the grand scenes for the true philosopher, for the citizen of the world, to contemplate. The *tour of Europe* is like the entertainment that Plutarch speaks of, which Pompey's host of Epirus gave him. There were many dishes, and they had a seeming variety; but when he came to examine them narrowly, he found them all made out of one hog, and indeed nothing but pork differently disguised.'

The bishop is seldom very parsimonious in his ridicule of the court, when the subject comes in his way. Letter LXX. will furnish a specimen.

'You expect perhaps I should tell you of the wonders I met with in this new elysium. I found but two things to admire, as excellent in their kinds; the one is the beef-eaters, whose broad faces bespeak such repletion of body and inanition of mind as perfectly fright away those two enemies of man, *famine* and *thought*. The other curiosity is our table-decker, of so placid a mien and so entire a taciturnity (both of them improved by the late elopement of his wife), that he is much fitter for the service of a minister of state than of the gospel. In short, I found him the only reasonable man *not* to converse with.'

There is great sagacity in the observation of Warburton on the prohibited degrees of marriage among the Jews; he says,

'The constitution of Moses's prohibited degrees was admirable; as that people had no commerce with any other, there was a necessity of crossing the strain as much as possible; naturalists observing that even all plants as well as animals degenerate when that provision is not made.'

We doubt whether all divines will acquiesce in the following opinion:

'*Nature and human society alone seem not to determine against polygamy*, why I said so was, because it was allowed to the Jews; and I apprehend *nothing was indulged them against the law of nature.*'

Letter LXXXI. contains some matter for serious reflection on the ecclesiastical policy which was followed at the reformation.

'Could any thing be more absurd than that, when the yoke of Rome was thrown off, they should govern the new church, erected in opposition to it, by the laws of the old. The pretence was that this was only by way of *interim*, till a body of ecclesiastical

laws could be formed. But whoever considers that the *canon laws* proceeded from, and had perpetual reference to, an *absolute spiritual monarch*, and were formed upon the genius, and did acknowledge the authority of the *civil laws*, the issue of *civil despotism*—I say, whoever considers this, will be inclined to think that the crown contrived this *interim* from the use the canon law was of to the extention of the prerogative. However, it is certain that the succeeding monarchs, Elizabeth, James, Charles, prevented our ever having a body of new ecclesiastical laws, from a sense of this utility in the old ones; and a consciousness, if ever they should submit a body of new laws to the legislature, the parliament would form them altogether upon the genius of a free church and state. This I take to be the true solution of this mysterious affair, that wears a face of so much absurdity and scandalous neglect.'

The origin of the doctrine of *non*-resistance is developed with great sagacity in Letter LXXXIV.

'After the reformation, the Protestant *divines*, as appears by the homilies composed by the wisest and most disinterested men, such as Cranmer and Latimer, preached up Non-resistance very strongly; but it was only to oppose to popery. The case was this: the pope threatened to excommunicate and depose Edward; he did put his threats in execution against Elizabeth. This was esteemed such a stretch of power, and so odious, that the Jesuits contrived all means to soften it.—One was, by searching into the origin of civil power, which they brought rightly (though for wicked purposes) from the people; as Mariana and others.—To combat this, and to save the person of the sovereign, the Protestant divines preached up divine right.—Hooker, superior to every thing, followed the truth.—But it is remarkable that this *Non-resistance* that at the reformation was employed to keep out popery, was, at the revolution, employed to bring it in.—so eternally is truth sacrificed to politicks.'

Letter LXXXIX. mentions the dissertation '*on the delicacy of friendship*,' in which Hurd so effectually paid his court to Warburton, and in which it is difficult to determine whether there be a greater share of flattery or of malevolence. On this occasion, Warburton says 'next to the pleasure of seeing myself so finely praised is the satisfaction in seeing Jortin mortified.' In the next letter, Warburton, who never spared his foes, says that the conduct of Jortin towards him 'was mean, low, and ungrateful.'—But there are no facts on record to substantiate this charge, except it be that there were subjects on which Jortin presumed to think for himself and to differ, though respectfully from Warburton. But the great dictator could not endure any thing but unconditional submission to his decrees, and hence his implacable rancour to-

wards one of the most unassuming of scholars and gentlemen. In p. 210, Jortin is characterized as 'insolent' and 'as vain as he is dirty.' But 'rancour of heart,' is imputed to him, in p. 270. In p. 457, Warburton writes thus, when Jortin had descended to that bourn where literary and personal animosity ought alike to end:

'I see by the papers that Jortin is dead. His over-rating his abilities and the publick's under-rating them, made so gloomy a temper *eat*, as the antients expressed it, *his own heart*.'

The wily wariness of Hurd mingled with a degree of malignity which he seems to have retained to the last breath of expiring life, is particularly conspicuous in that part of these Letters, in which the hallowed memory of Jortin is so wantonly outraged. Hurd does not, in his own person, inveigh against the gentle Jortin in the present correspondence, but he pours forth, without any qualification or reserve, the invectives of Warburton. Thus while the cautious subtlety of Hurd, caused him to suppress his own letters, in some of which it is clear that he must have vilified Jortin, he throws all the odium of the obloquy on the animosity of Warburton. There is a well-known observation in Tacitus, Vit Agric. cap. 42. 'Proprium humani ingenii est odisse quem laeseris.' We fear that this sentiment predominated in the bosom of Hurd, when he recollected his malicious and unprovoked attack on Jortin, in the Dissertation '*on the Delicacy of Friendship*;' and the rancour, which Hurd supposed Jortin himself to retain, rankled in his own breast. Could Providence have inflicted any more dreadful penalty on the exercise of malevolent propensities? Hurd had injured Jortin without a cause; this, according to the observation of Tacitus, occasioned the tenacity of his hate; and impelled him to seek the gratification of even *posthumous* animosity by the publication of those letters of Warburton, in which that prelate had loaded Jortin with abuse, both when living and when dead. We had no personal acquaintance with Jortin, who was consigned to the tomb, long before we were of an age to appreciate his moral, or his literary excellence, but his character has been drawn with great splendour of eloquence, by the editor of the Warburtonian Tracts:

'Learned he was without pedantry. He was ingenious without the affectation of singularity. He was a lover of truth without hovering over the gloomy abyss of scepticism, and a friend to free-enquiry without roving into the dreary and pathless wilds of latitudinarianism. He had a heart which never disgraced the powers of his understanding. With a lively imagination, an ele-

gant taste, and a judgment most masculine and most correct, he united the artless and amiable negligence of a school-boy.'——'Though his sensibilities were neither coarse nor sluggish, he yet was exempt from those fickle humours, those rankling jealousies and that restless waywardness, which men of the brightest talents are too prone to indulge. He carried with him into every station in which he was placed, and every subject which he explored, a solid greatness of soul, which could spare an inferior, though in the offensive form of an adversary, and endure an equal with or without, the sacred name of a friend.'

Yet this is the man to whom Warburton imputes excessive vanity, meanness and malignity;—the little and the hateful qualities of which no man appears to have possessed a smaller share; and we must remember that these vindictive aspersions of Warburton were *printed* by Hurd*, when he was living, and *published* by his express orders after he was dead. This singular circumstance, independent of the bitter obloquy on Johnson, Leland, &c. &c. on which we have not room to expatiate, throws a dark shade over the moral memory of Hurd, which his warmest friends may regret, but which they can never dispel. Warburton was an open, and a generous, but Hurd was a clandestine and insidious enemy. Warburton scattered the torrents of his wrath with a lavish, a careless, and an intrepid hand; but there was more art and less courage in the malignity of Hurd:—he aimed his arrows in secret, and he often contrived to shoot them from the bow of another man rather than his own.

In Letter CXVII. Warburton flatters Hurd at the expence of the two universities and the bench of bishops who seem tagged to the end of the following sentence, like a tea-kettle to a dog's-tail.

'Mr. Allen finds in you what he imagined (till he experienced the contrary) was in all divines, because it ought to be there: and he tells me in a letter I received to day from him, *that he is not at all surprised at you*, for what would surprise the two Universities and the bench of Bishops to boot.'

In Letter CXXX. Warburton, says:

'I am afraid that both you and I shall outlive common sense, as well as learning, in our reverend brotherhood.'

Such is the insufferable arrogance in which this duumvirate of priests used to speak of all churchmen but themselves! In this Letter there are some just observations on Butler, occasioned by the then recent publication of his remains.

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* The letters were printed at Kidderminster before the Bishop's death.

'There was,' says Warburton, 'something singular in this same Butler. Besides an infinite deal of wit, he had great sense and penetration, both in the sciences and the world. Yet with all this, he could never plan a work, nor tell a story well. The first appears from his Hudibras, the other from his *Elephant in the Moon*. He evidently appears to have been dissatisfied with it, by turning it into *long* verse: from whence, you perceive, he thought the fault lay in the doggerel verse, but that was his *forte;* the fault lay in the *manner of telling*. Not but he might have another reason for trying his talents at heroic verse—emulation. Dryden had burst out in a surprising manner; and in such a case the poetic world (as we have seen by a later instance) is always full of imitators. But Butler's heroics are poor stuff; indeed only doggerel, made languid by heavy expletives. This attempt in the change of his measure was the sillier, not only as he had acquired a mastery in the short measure, but as that measure, somehow or other, suits best with his sort of wit. His characters are full of cold puerilities, though intermixed with abundance of wit, and with a great deal of good sense. He is sometimes wonderfully fine both in his sentiment and expression; as where he defines the proud man to be *a fool in fermentation;* and where, speaking of the antiquary he says, *he has a great veneration for words that are stricken in years, and are grown so aged that they have out-lived their employments.*'

What Mrs. Warburton remarks about 'Poor Potter,' p. 284. whose 'death' she says '*has made her a moralist*, &c.' ought to have been suppressed by the editor, as Hurd could not but know the connection which subsisted between this same Potter and Mrs. Warburton.—If Hurd had secretly wished to hold up to ridicule the impotent credulity of his friend, he could not have taken a more effectual method to compass that end than he has in this, and in some other passages in the present correspondence.

From Letter CXXXVIII. in which Warburton communicates to Hurd some joyful intelligence respecting Dr. Richardson, the master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, it is clear that Hurd had never made Warburton acquainted with the little liking which he had for Richardson. The college-books teem with protests from the one against the other, and when there was a vacancy for the tutorship of Emmanuel, Richardson would not suffer Hurd to fill it up. It is a little remarkable that Hurd should not have opened this part of his history to Warburton. Richardson was a good scholar and a well-bred gentleman, though rather harsh in the treatment of the fellows of his college. These particulars respecting Richardson and Hurd were communicated to us by a learned friend.

In letter CXXXIX. Hurd, who, as appeared in the sequel, had none of the *nolo episcopari* in his composition, tells Warburton, when speaking of his mother,

'She is in a disposition rather to beg your blessing, than pay compliments. Though to conceal nothing I must tell you her infirmity, that she takes all bishops for such as she reads in her Bible, they should be. So that 'tis only by accident she does not misapply the veneration she professes for your lordship.'

To which Warburton answers,

'Her *mistake* about bishops pleases me the more, as an excellent woman like herself (my mother) lived and died in *this capital error.*'

In letter CXLVIII. Warburton says "Sherlock was much more to blame for not letting his chaplain understand early that he was a blockhead by birth, than the chaplain*, for not giving his master the late intelligence that his parts were decayed by time; because the bishop, with all his infirmities of age could see the one;" but his chaplain, at his best, could never find out the other. In this letter we have an anecdote which is interesting, as it exhibits a specimen of plain and blunt language which is not probably often heard from the lips of a bishop in a drawing-room:

'On this occasion, I will tell you what (though perhaps I may have told it you before) I said in the drawing-room to a knot of courtiers, in the old king's time. One chanced to say he heard the king was not well. Hush, said Colonel Robinson, it is not polite or decent to talk in this manner; the king is always well and in health; you are never to suppose that the diseases of his subjects ever approach his royal person. I perceive then, Colonel, replied I, there is some difference between your master and mine. Mine was subject to all human infirmities, sin excepted.'

In letter CL. Hurd gives Warburton the following just account of Rousseau's *Nouvelle 'Heloise.'*

'The *New Heloise* has afforded me much pleasure. There are many exquisite beauties in this odd romance; so odd, that one may be sure the story is two-thirds *fact* for one of *fiction.* But to make amends for this defect, the sensibility of the passionate parts, and the sense, the nature, and the virtue of the rest, is above every thing we find in the Crebillons and Voltaires, those idol beaux-esprits of London and Paris.'

* Dr. Nicholls. Rev.

In the next letter Warburton says,

'I had so much to say on the *New Heloise*, that I said nothing. And your reading has made my saying more of it unnecessary. I agree entirely in your admiration of it. You judge truly, and you could not but judge so, that there is more of fact than fiction in it. There would never else have been so much of the domestic part. But, above all, the inartificial contexture of the story, and the not rounding and compleating its parts, shews the author had not a fiction to manage over which he was an absolute master. The truth, they say, is, that an intrigue with a fair pupil of family forced him to leave Swisserland. He lives at Paris a hermit as in a desert; and, in the midst of general admiration, he will gain literally his bread, by writing out music at sevenpence a sheet, though he be an excellent composer himself. And if for pence they offer him pistoles, which is frequently done, he returns all but the change. Indeed he is one of those glorious madmen, that Cervantes only saw in idea.'

In letter CXLIII Hurd gives his opinion on Clarke's Sermons, on which we have animadverted above. The passage is as follows:

'The common way of sermonizing is most wretched: neither sense, nor eloquence; reason, nor pathos. Even our better models are very defective. I have lately turned over Dr. Clarke's large collection, for the use of my parish; and yet, with much altering, and many additions, I have been able to pick out no more than eight or ten that I could think passable for that purpose. He is clear and happy enough in the explication of Scripture; but miserably cold and lifeless; no invention, no dignity, no force; utterly incapable of enlarging on a plain thought, or of striking out new ones: in short, much less of a genius than I had supposed him.'

In this letter Hurd expresses his opinion very distinctly and very correctly respecting the forgeries of Macpherson.

'I have' says Hurd 'by accident got a sight of this mighty *Fingal*. I believe I mentioned my suspicions of the *Fragments:* they are tenfold greater of this epic poem. To say nothing of the want of *external evidence*, or, which looks still worse, his shuffling over in such a manner the little evidence he pretends to give us, every page appears to me to afford *internal* evidence of forgery. His very citations of parallel passages *bear* against him. In poems of such rude antiquity, there might be some flashes of genius. But here they are continual, and cloathed in very classical expression. Besides, no images, no sentiments, but what are matched in other writers, or may be accounted for from usages still subsisting, or well known from the story of other nations.

In short, nothing but what the enlightened editor can well explain himself. Above all, what are we to think of a long epic poem, disposed, in form, into six books, with a *beginning, middle,* and *end,* and enlivened, in the classic taste, with episodes. Still this is nothing. What are we to think of a work of this length, preserved and handed down to us entire, by *oral tradition,* for 1400 years, without a chasm, or so much as a various reading, I should rather say, *speaking?*'

The conceit and self sufficiency of Hurd are well shewn in the following:

'I have read,' says he, 'Toup's new book. He is certainly able in his way; but I doubt he is a coxcomb. How is it that there are so many coxcombs---indeed so many, that one hardly meets with any thing else? I set out in the world with a violent prejudice in favour of ingenious men: whether it be wisdom, or growing dulness in me, I now beat about for, and rarely find, a man of plain common sense.'

Warburton answers,

'What you say of Toup is undoubtedly true. But learning is so shamefully neglected by our church grandees, that I thought it useful to recommend it to their patronage wherever it was found. Wherever nature has sown her coxcomb-seeds, whether at court, or in the country, they will spring up; and the man in the world, and the man out of the world, who was born with them, will be coxcombs alike, though coxcombs of very different species. However, this maxim is verified in all, which I think I once laid down to you, in applying it to ———; *that Nature never yet put one grain of gratitude or generosity into the composition of a coxcomb.*'

Hurd appears to have been afraid lest Toup should rival him in the favour of Warburton; and there is something contemptibly little and malignantly petulant in the manner in which Hurd spoke of that sagacious scholar to the man who was his patron and his friend. The influence which Hurd had obtained over the mind of Warburton, is, at the same time, very manifest, in the facility with which he subscribes to the opinion of Hurd respecting Toup.

The manly character of Warburton is well delineated in the following:

'I brought, as usual, a bad cold with me to town; and this being the first day I ventured out of doors, it was employed, as in duty bound, at court, it being a levee-day. A buffoon lord in waiting (you may guess whom I mean) was very busy marshaling the circle; and he said to me, without ceremony—

" Move forward; you clog up the door-way."---I replied, with as little, " *Did nobody clog up the King's door-stead more than I, there would be room for all honest men.*" This brought the man to himself.

' When the king came up to me, he asked " why I did not come to town before?" I said, " I understood there was no business going forward in the house, in which I could be of service to his majesty." He replied, " He supposed the severe storm of snow would have brought me up." I replied, " I was under cover of a very warm house."

' You see, by all this, how unfit I am for courts; so, let us leave them.'

In letter CCXX, Hurd who had previously abused Priestley, makes the responsibility fall on Warburton. He calls Priestley a *wretched fellow*, though much as was the contempt which the bishop felt towards him, it is certain that the name of Priestley will outlive that of Warburton. In 1774 Hurd was nominated by the king to the bishoprick of Lichfield and Coventry. He mentions the event in the following brief letter, which will conclude our extracts:

Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, Dec. 2d, 1774

' MY DEAR LORD,

' I would not omit to give your lordship and Mrs. Warburton the earliest information, that I have been to wait upon Lord North to-day; and that his lordship has acquainted me that the King has been pleased to nominate me to the bishoprick of Lichfield and Coventry, upon the translation of Dr. North to Worcester. This is all I have time to say at present; and am ever,

My dear Lord,

Your most obliged and devoted humble servant,

R. HURD.'

Such is the cold and lifeless manner in which Hurd mentions this burst of prosperity, to the friend, the zealous, steady, indefatigable friend, from whom it took its rise. On such an occasion we believe that the sensibilities of almost any other man but Hurd would have overflowed, and that he would have wetted his page with tears of gratitude. Hurd owed every thing that he possessed, and no small portion of the fame which he enjoyed, to the early notice of Warburton. History, even literary history, will furnish few instances of such unintermitting regard as Warburton evinced to the fame and the interest of Hurd. Hurd was not indeed deficient in the sentiment of gratitude as appears from his letters and his publications, but his natural temperament was evidently not that of gratitude, nor of any of those warm feelings which constitute an amiable man. We have gone

into more detail in the discussion of these letters than we at first designed; but we were imperceptibly led from one topic to another till the article has been extended to its present length. Most of the interesting passages in the letters are either quoted or noticed in this critique. The men to whom it alludes were giants in their own estimation, and indeed, in the estimation of the public in *their day;* but time, which always ultimately dissipates the delusions of vanity, and the increasing light of knowledge, which reduces the disproportioned magnitudes which are shadowed on the mists of ignorance, has caused Warburton and Hurd to sink in the general opinion to the level of ordinary men. They were great luminaries in their own conceit; but they have long since been eclipsed by other and greater stars in the firmament of theology and literature.

ART. II.—*Latin and Italian Poems of Milton translated into English verse, and a Fragment of a Commentary on Paradise Lost, by the late Wm. Cowper, Esq. &c. &c.* Johnson. 1808.

OUR first sensation on opening this volume was dissatisfaction at the very expensive style in which the book is printed: we were really startled at that amazing breadth of margin amid which the text is almost lost. "Minima est pars ipsa puella sui." But when we considered the honourable motives for the publication, and especially when we contemplated the classic elegance of Mr. Flaxman's designs, we confess that the disagreeable feeling above alluded to gave way to unmixed pleasure. At any rate we were delighted at again meeting with the muse of Cowper, nor was this delight a little augmented on seeing his name coupled with that of Milton. These poets in many features of their characters greatly resembled each other. We see in each the same abhorrence of low and sordid pursuits, the same love of liberty, the same purity of mind, the same eagerness to dedicate "the heavenly gift of poesy" to that high use for which, says the candid Dryden, it was first ordained, "for tongues of angels and for hymns of love." But here we think the comparison ceases. The *style* of their poetry is widely different. We can discover in Cowper no trace of the awful magnificence of Milton's diction, none of what Algarotti calls his gigantic sublimity, none of his stupendous audacity of conception, compared with which even Dante is tame. Let us suppose that Cowper had written an epic and had chosen the same subject as Milton for his poem. He would not like Milton

have wandered so long in the horrible regions of hell; he would not have painted with such dreadfully minute description, "the inflamed sea" and "the burning marle": but it would have been in the delicious groves and "level downs" of Eden that Cowper would have loved to linger: there he would have presented us with delightful pictures of connubial happiness. We do not mean that Milton has not done this and done it with exceeding beauty; but the greater tenderness of Cowper seems to us more fitted for scenes of this nature; and we think that Eve, lovely and gentle as she is in Milton, would in Cowper have been

'More winning soft, more amiably mild.'

But at present we have little to do with the general character of either of these poets. Milton is now to be considered only as a writer of Latin verses, and Cowper as his translator. We must premise that we are no great admirers of modern Latin verse. It is not so difficult as many imagine to string together thirty or forty lines with one hemistich stolen from Virgil, another from Ovid, another from Tibullus, and so on. We will venture to assert that the making of this patchwork poetry requires far less ingenuity and skill than the solving of a tolerably stiff quadratic equation. Yet as a school-exercise, we think the composition of Latin verse very useful: it calls the attention of the scholar to the beauties of the Roman poets, and improves his taste by teaching him selection of expression. With this general opinion of Latin verse, we think that Milton wrote it as well as most of the moderns have done. We think it far superior to Dr. Johnson's or Cowper's, who both wrote very poorly in Latin: It is about equal to Addison's and Gray's. Nothing appears to us so absurd as Mr. Hayley's notion that Milton surpassed Ovid and Tibullus. (p. 245) Wherein consists the excellence of modern Latin verse but in the choice of appropriate words and in the elegant turn of expression? and how is this propriety and elegance to be attained but by almost servile transcription from the best poets of Rome? so that a modern Latin poet then only shines when dressed in the borrowed trappings of the Roman muse; and yet with these borrowed or stolen graces he is to be set up as a formidable rival to those great masters who have furnished him with the means to shine. Those gentlemen who think so highly of modern writers of Latin poetry have forgotten the fable of the daw and its pilfered plumes. In Milton are to be found whole lines taken from Virgil and Ovid, especially from the latter: yet we are very willing to allow that in some of his

pieces, the Epitaphium Damonis, the Epistle to his Father, and the Scazons to Salzilli, Milton has made a very beautiful use of his borrowed treasures. Independently however of the language, there are certainly many and various beauties of thought in these poems which well deserved an English dress. Cowper is not the first who has thought it worth while to translate these compositions of Milton. Langhorne has translated the Epitaphium Damonis, and several of the pieces have been rendered into English verse by Dr. Symmons, with more than ordinary spirit and elegance. The Rev. F. Wrangham has very well translated the sixth Elegy and the Ode to Rouse; and Rev. J. Thirlwall has given us an elegant English copy of the Mansus. Cowper's translation is upon the whole the best: it has his usual faults and beauties; it is occasionally vapid and prosaic, but it contains passages of extreme elegance and tenderness. There is one poem however, the Address to his Father, which we think is far better translated by Dr. Symmons than by Cowper. The poem in Cowper, with the exception of a very few lines of extreme beauty, seems to us exceedingly tame. The language is for the most part inelegant and even prosaic: we are aware that one of the great beauties of Cowper's verse is an occasional judicious mixture of prosaic diction with the more swelling phraseology of poetry, an excellence which he copied from Dryden: but in the translation to which we now allude, none of this skilful intermixture is discoverable: it is little better than mere prose from beginning to end. We cannot transcribe the whole poem; but the reader will be able to judge from two passages, which we shall select for comparison, with the more elegant and poetical version of Dr. Symmons.

> 'Nor thou persist, I pray thee, still to slight
> The Sacred Nine, and to imagine vain
> And useless, powers, by whom inspir'd thyself
> Art skilful to associate verse with airs
> Harmonious, and to give the human voice
> A thousand modulations, heir by right
> Indisputable of Arion's fame.
> Now say, what wonder is it, if a son
> Of thine delight in verse, if so conjoin'd
> In close affinity, we sympathize
> In social arts, and kindred studies sweet?
> Such distribution of himself to us
> Was Phœbus' choice; thou hast thy gift and I
> Mine also, and between us we receive,
> Father and Son, the whole inspiring God.'
>
> *Cowp. p.* 62.

Here follows Dr. Symmons' version (see Appendix to his Life of Milton.)

'Nor you affect to scorn the Aönian quire,
Blest by their smiles, and glowing with their fire;
You, who by them inspired with art profound
Can wield the magic of proportion'd sound:
Through thousand tones can teach the voice to stray,
And wind to harmony its mazy way,
Arion's tuneful heir! then wonder not
A poet-child should be by you begot.
My kindred soul is warm with kindred flame,
And the Son treads the Father's track to fame.
Phœbus controuls us with a common sway;
To you his lyre commends, to me his lay:
While in each bosom makes his just abode;
And child and parent own the one, though varied God.'

The second passage is, except the two last lines, still worse.

'To sum the whole, whate'er the heav'n contains,
The earth beneath it, and the air between,
The rivers, and the restless deep may all
Prove intellectual gain to me, my w sh
Concurring with thy will; science herself,
All cloud removed, inclines her beauteous head,
And offers me the lip, if dull of heart,
I shrink not, and decline her gracious boon.'

Cowp. p. 63.

Can any of the admirers of Cowper, among whom we number ourselves, deny that the above lines are exceedingly insipid? Far more spirited is the translation of Dr. S.

'Not yet content, you led my curious eye
To scan the circling wonders of the sky:
Of air the lucid secrets to reveal,
And know what earth's and ocean's depths conceal.
Thus brought to science in her inmost seat
You broke, the cloud that veil'd her last retreat;
And offer'd, in her plenitude of charms,
The naked goddess to my youthful arms;
And if your power had match'd your will to bless,
Now should my arms the heav'nly fair possess.'

We have selected the above passages because they are translations of the best parts of the original poem. It is not because Dr. Symmons' version is more ornamented that we

prefer it; but for its grace and spirit; and much as we admire the in general amiable simplicity of Cowper's muse, we do think that in the instance before us, this simplicity has degenerated into mere tameness.

The Scazons to Salzilli which follow, are certainly the most finished and elegant of Milton's Latin productions. The diction is so beautifully select as to convince us that Milton possessed the purest classical taste. T. Warton who was himself an elegant writer of Latin verse, and an excellent critic, gives them only their due praise when he says that they are perfectly antique. These fine verses are very well translated by Cowper, though he has not been able to attain what we believe is unattainable, the concise energy of the original. We shall present the reader with the concluding lines, which contain a very pleasing compliment, together with much classic imagery.

> 'Health, Hebe's sister, sent us from the skies,
> And thou, Apollo, whom all sickness flies,
> Pythius or Pæan, or what name divine
> Soe'er thou chuse, haste, heal a priest of thine!
> Ye groves of Faunus and ye hills that melt
> With vinous dews, where meek Evander dwelt!
> If aught salubr'ous in your confines grow,
> Strive which shall soonest heal your poets woe,
> That, rendered to the muse he loves, again
> He may enchant the meadows with his strain.
> Numa, reclin'd in everlasting ease,
> Amid the shade of dark embow'ring trees,
> Viewing with eyes of unabated fire
> His lov'd Ægeria, shall that strain admire:
> So sooth'd, the humid Tiber shall revere
> The tombs of kings, nor desolate the year,
> Shall curb his waters with a friendly rein,
> And guide them harmless, till they meet the main.'
>
> *Cowp. Transl. p.* 66, 7.

Dr. Symmons' translation of the same passage is very good, and its versification perhaps superior to Cowper's: but he has not so well preserved the manner of Milton. What we mean will be presently obvious to any one who thinks it worth while to compare the two translations with the original.

The poem next in order is the "Mansus"; addressed to Manso the friend of Tasso and Marino, and from whom Milton received several civilities and kindnesses during his stay at Naples. This is by no means one of the best of Milton's Latin compositions, either for correctness or beauty of language: it contains very few excellent lines; those to-

wards the conclusion are the best, but they are worthy of note rather as giving a hint of some grand poetic work which he was projecting, than for any particular graces of expression. The passage to which we allude is translated as follows:

> 'O might so true a friend* to me belong
> So skill'd to grace the votaries of song,
> Should I recall hereafter into rhyme
> The kings and heroes of my native clime,
> Arthur the chief, who even now prepares,
> In subterraneous being future wars,
> With all his martial knights to be restored
> Each to his seat around the fed'ral board,
> And oh! if spirit fail me not, disperse
> Our Saxon plund'rers in triumphant verse, &c.'
>
> *Cowp. p. 72.*

We see by these lines that Milton intended to adorn the romantic tale of Arthur with his splendid verse, and thus to have interested merely his countrymen instead of mankind. But he happily we think gave up this project, and the hero of the "round table" fell into the hands of the wretched Blackmore, being thus as unhappy in the poetical herald of his exploits, as he was in most of the adventures of his life. The versions of the above poem both by Cowper and Symmons appear to us to surpass the original.

We come now to the elegiac pastoral on the Death of his friend Diodati. Dr. Johnson's harsh censure of this poem is well known. Cowper thought very differently of it: he calls it a pastoral equal to any of Virgil's Bucolics, and speaking of the Doctor's contemptuous opinion says, "He who never saw any beauty in a rural scene was not likely to have much taste for a pastoral." This is certainly true: indeed Johnson's contempt was not so much directed against Milton's pastoral as against pastorals in general, a species of poetry which he so much abhorred, that even Virgil's Bucolics did not escape his animadversion. Still we wish that Milton had chosen to express his grief for his friend's death in some other way: we are aware that there may be much nature and beauty in a pastoral, but then only we think when painting the manners of real shepherds; and a man really and strongly affected, would never in our opinion, describe his affliction by assuming the fictitious garb of a rustic, and by prating of lions, wolves, goats, thickset hedges and shepherdesses: indeed the only valuable parts of this poem are those

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* As Manso.

which contain no pastoral image: we mean the lines at the beginning of the concluding paragraph. It is not our wish to insinuate that Milton's sorrow was affected: but we suppose that it was considerably mellowed by time before he wrote this poem, since he has not only had leisure to insert the various *pastoral* objects before alluded to, but he has also introduced a long paragraph relating to himself and his projected poem. The fact is, Milton wished to write an elegy on the death of his friend, and Tasso, whose country he had just visited, had made it fashionable to introduce friends under the name of shepherds into pastoral poems. See Tasso's Aminta, where he has introduced his friendly rival Pigna, and himself, under the names of Elpino and Tirsi. Cowper has translated this elegy *con amore:* his version is we think a master-piece of elegant simplicity. We shall make no apology for giving the following beautiful passage (long as it is) which concludes the poem:

'Thou also Damon (neither need I fear
That hope delusive) thou art also there;
For whither should simplicity like thine
Retire, where else such spotless virtue shine?
Thou dwell'st not (thought profane) in shades below,
Nor tears suit thee---cease then my tears to flow,
Away with grief! on Damon ill-bestowed!
Who, pure himself, has found a pure abode,
Has pass'd the show'ry arch, henceforth resides
With saints and heroes, and from flowing tides
Quaffs copious immortality and joy
With hallow'd lips! Oh! blest without alloy,
And now enrich'd with all that faith can claim,
Look down, entreated by whatever name,
If Damon please thee most (that rural sound
Shall oft with echoes fill the groves around)
Or if Diodatus, by which alone
In those etherial mansions thou art known.
Thy blush was maiden, and thy youth the taste
Of wedded bliss knew never, pure and chaste,
The honours therefore by divine decree
The lot of virgin worth are given to thee;
Thy brows encircled with a radiant band,
And the green palm-branch waving in thy hand,
Thou in immortal nuptials shalt rejoice
And join with seraphs thy according voice,
Where rapture reigns, and the extatic lyre
Guides the blest orgies of the blazing quire.'

Cowp. Transl. p. 86, 7.

The Italian sonnets which come next are said by Italians to show considerable knowledge and an easy command of

their poetic diction. Cowper has done them ample justice, and has given them in his version an air perfectly Miltonic. Witness the following:

TO CHARLES DIODATI.

'Charles---and I say it wond'ring---thou must know
That I, who once assum'd a scornful air,
And scoff'd at love, am fallen in his snare,
(Full many an upright man has fallen so)
Yet think me not thus dazzled by the show
Of golden locks or damask cheek; more rare
The heartfelt beauties of my foreign fair;
A mien majestic with dark brows that show
The tranquil lustre of a lofty mind;
Words exquisite, of idioms more than one,
And song, whose fascinating pow'r might bind
And from her sphere draw down the lab'ring moon,
With such fire-darting eyes, that should I fill
My ears with wax, she would inchant me still.'

The last sonnet is no less beautiful: it has been translated by Langhorne and Dr. Symmons as well as by Cowper, but we give the preference to Cowper's version. It is delightful, as Mr. Hayley well remarks, to see the dignified frankness and simplicity of conscious truth with which Milton praises himself. The sonnet is as follows:

'Enamour'd, artless, young, on foreign ground,
Uncertain whither from myself to fly,
To thee, dear lady, with an humble sigh
Let me devote my heart, which I have found
By certain proofs, not few, intrepid, sound,
Good and addicted to conceptions high
When tempests shake the world, and fire the sky
It rests in adamant self-wrapt around,
As safe from envy, and from outrage rude
From hopes and fears, that vulgar minds abuse,
As fond of genius and fixt fortitude,
Of the resounding lyre and ev'ry muse,
Weak you will find it in one only part,
Now pierc'd by love's immedicable dart.'

Cowp. Transl. p. 290, 1.

Before we conclude this article, we think it necessary to make a few observations on the "Fragment of a Commentary on the Paradise lost." We confess we are not sorry that this was never finished: for though it contains a few remarks which evince much critical skill and acumen, yet by far the greater part of it is dedicated to explaining and recommending the theological opinions of the Calvinistic poet, which

in our judgment had much better be forgotten or overlooked. We shall give two or three quotations as well to shew the taste of the commentator as the unfortunate bias of his mind to the tenets now alluded to.

The following notes, we think, manifest judgment and a keen relish for the beauties of the poet, whether in sentiment, diction, or harmony of versification.

1st on the line (202 B. 1.)

'Created hugest, that swim the ocean stream.'

'The author, speaking of a vast creature, speaks in numbers suited to the subject, and gives his line a singular and strange movement, by inserting the word *hugest* where it may have the clumsiest effect. He might easily have said in smoother verse,

Created hugest of the ocean stream;

but smoothness was not the thing to be consulted when the Leviathan was in question. In like manner, speaking of the larger fishes, book 7, 410, he says,

part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldy! enormous in their gait
Tempest the ocean.

What man of true taste would exchange such cumbersome verse on such an occasion for the most musical that ever was written.'

Cowp. Milt. p. 194, 5.

2d on the line (688, B. 2.)

'To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd.'

'The poet contrives to be as much at a loss to denominate, as to describe his death, and seems to exhaust both invention and language for suitable appellations. He calls him, the shape, the monster, the goblin, the grisly terror, the hellish pest, the phantasm, and afterward in the tenth book, the grim feature.'

Cowp. p. 220.

Again on the line (988, B. 2.)

'The Anarch old.'

'Milton, as has been already observed, in the instance of Death, is extremely ingenious in the invention of names and titles suited to his ideal characters. An ordinary poet would have been contented to have called his chaos a monarch, despairing of a better appellative; but how much more emphatical is the title here given him, which while it sets before our eyes the figure of this king in all confusion, keeps awake our attention also to the uncontroulable wildness of his subjects!'

Cowp. p. 223, 4.

With respect to the other sort of remarks illustrative of the peculiar doctrines of Cowper, we could select whole pages, but we shall content ourselves with giving one Note which seems rather to contradict the religious system of the annotator.

Line 747, B. 2.

> 'Hast thou forgot me then? and do I seem
> Now in thine eye so foul?'

'This is a very just and instructive part of the allegory, as most can testify from their own experience. Sin, pleasant in contemplation and enjoyment, is foul in retrospect, and man, while he suffers the remorse that attends it, stands amazed at himself, that he could be seduced by it.'

Cowp. p. 220.

Why! how is this! Can man, who, as this sect of religionists say, is *naturally* wholly corrupt, man, whose heart is, by *nature*, desperately wicked, can such a being be astonished at being seduced into sin! To such a creature can sin ever appear foul! We can conceive indeed that to a being so constructed, virtue would from its strangeness appear both difficult and disgusting: but surely sin from its congeniality will at all times, both when present and in retrospect, be pleasant and easy. We leave those who are the authors of such contradictions, to explain them. We shall make amends for the above note by inserting another, which appears to us highly beautiful, and perfectly characteristic.

Line 883.

> 'She open'd, but to shut
> Excell'd her power.'

'A beautiful observation. Sin opens the infernal doors, but mercy alone can shut them.'

Cowp. p. 222.

At the end of the volume there are several notes, some by Mr. Hayley himself, and many of them collected from different quarters. We wish Mr. H. had not selected so copiously from Warton's edition of Milton's Juvenilia, a book which is in almost every body's hands. We also wish, that Mr. Hayley had thought proper to notice, with the distinction which it deserves, Dr. Symmons' Life of Milton: a performance in which the character of the great bard and republican is ably and unanswerably vindicated. Mr. H.'s own notes dis-

play all that variety of reading and elegance of mind which have, on several former occasions, delighted us, and with which we hope again to be delighted. We think, however, that we discover occasionally something like affectation in Mr. H.'s diction. For instance, we entreat that Mr. H. will expunge from his prose-vocabulary, such an expression as, 'the pensive favourites of fame.' (p. 299). It is absolutely sickening. Upon the whole, we feel obliged to Mr. H. for the care and elegance with which he has ushered into the world, this last work of his amiable friend.

ART. III.—*An Account of the Operations of the British Army, and of the State and Sentiments of the People of Portugal and Spain, during the Campaigns of* 1808 *and* 1809. *In a Series of Letters, by the Rev. James Wilmot Ormsby, A. M. Chaplain on the Staff, &c.* 2 *vols.* 12*mo.* Carpenter, Bond-street.

IN these volumes there is a happy mixture of war, politics, topography, anecdote, onction, and badinage, which renders them very amusing, especially as the style is animated with that freshness and vivacity, which ever distinguish the observations of an eye-witness from the collections and compilations of the closet.

The ill-omened convention of Cintra affords Mr. Ormsby an opportunity of manifesting his sentiments in opposition to the generally received impression made upon the public mind by that transaction which, to speak most gently, was a disappointment in itself, and the cause of other and more fatal disappointments.

'Much, as you may perceive, is to be said on both sides; sufficient to convince me, that, under all the circumstances of the case, a convention was not only wise, but necessary; and as the proposal originated with the enemy, superior in strength to us, and possessing all the fortresses in the kingdom, I am persuaded that, in the present state of Europe, no merely British motives of fame or glory, no Portuguese objects of interest or revenge, could have justified us in the rejection of it. Had we been thus influenced, and the event had proved calamitous, our pledge of disinterestedness would have been forfeited, and we should be chargeable with having deserted and betrayed that common cause, of which we have so long been the proud and honourable champions. That there were oversights in the framing of the treaty, and inaccuracies in the construction of it, I do not pretend to deny; but this has nothing to do with the

main question of expedience; and really our nature or education must undergo a considerable improvement, before we can manage such matters with the dexterity of Frenchmen.'

This opinion, however, is not seconded by Sir Harry Burrard; if we may rely on the correctness of Mr. Ormsby's observations:

'I dined at Sir Harry Burrard's, who received me with that urbanity, for which he is conspicuous. The convention was not much the subject of conversation; but he spoke of it with that confidence and gratulation, which proved that he was satisfied with the part he had acted; and it was impossible to doubt from his manner, that he enjoyed the inestimable happiness of "*mens conscia recti.*"

'One interesting and incontrovertible fact is, that whatever may be the feelings of the principal movers in the measure of the convention, the army entertains the most decided abhorrence of it. They condemn it in principle and detest it in detail.'

In page 94, we meet with an argument or rather fact, which we do not recollect to have seen stated in the public papers by the advocates of the convention, namely, that pending the negociation, the commander of the Portuguese army was invited by Sir Hugh Dalrymple, to offer his objections in writing, which he declined to do. This man afterwards became the victim of his own treachery.

Mr. Ormsby affords rather contradictory evidence, respecting the sentiments of the people in Portugal and Spain. Writing from Lisbon, he reluctantly admits that,

'To confess the truth, resulting from a more general and intimate acquaintance, a distrust and jealousy of us pervade the public mind. This may appear inconsistent with the exultation and gratitude I so lately described; and certainly their joy was unbounded at the extermination of the French. But it by no means follows, that, because they hate them, they should love us; and had their plunderers and oppressors conducted themselves with more moderation, particularly towards church property, I am persuaded they would have been hailed as the deliverers of Portugal from an odious government, and that any proffers of assistance from us would have been indignantly rejected, &c. . . . But I go still farther and say, that, notwithstanding all their offences, there is a strong French party at this moment in Lisbon. . . . . That this should be so, is strange, after all the awful lessons which Europe has received. Without attempting the solution of so difficult a problem, I can only assure you of the fact, and you will readily believe, that I have grounds for the assertion.'

In the country, however, he is better satisfied with the disposition of the people.

'With but a single exception, there was every reason to believe the gentry and peasantry sincere in their detestation of France, and their attachment to England. We found all ranks equally hospitable and civil, to the extent of their means; and this appeared to be not so much in compliment to our peculiar circumstances, as the result of their natural dispositions.'

With regard to the sentiments of the Spanish people, Mr. Ormsby, having described the animation and patriotism of the inhabitants of Corunna, continues:

'The fact is indisputable, that from Salamanca to Corunna, there has been little or no exertion, on the part of the natives, to oppose the enemy, or to assist us their allies. No man, who has a respect for truth or character, can affirm the contrary; but the motives of this inertness have not been considered, and conclusions have been drawn from it, unjust to the Spanish character, and unfavourable to the Spanish cause. To form a fair judgment, you must remember the period of our entrance into Spain: that, immediately subsequent to it, their armies of the north were defeated and dispersed. For this calamitous event, they were wholly unprepared; disunion reigned in the provincial juntas, from the intrigues of some ambitious and interested men; and even had their government been well organised, it was not reasonable to expect that their armies should be suddenly recruited so near the field of action, after such unlooked-for and fatal disasters. The long repose they had enjoyed, and their disuse of arms, had rendered them unequal matches for the French; and it will be the wonder of future ages, that under these circumstances, such resistance was made by an undisciplined people to the armies, which had overrun Europe, and vanquished its best troops. . . . . But the want of their assistance in the field is not so much insisted on, as their inhospitable reception of us, the abandonment of their houses, and the concealment of their provisions. Here too, in candour, I must be their apologist, and declare my conviction, that, in many instances, the charge is unfounded, and in all exaggerated. . . . . Do they who are most loud in their complaints, honestly think, that an army of 30,000 Spaniards would be better received in England than we were in Spain? I doubt it much. Besides, in the hurry of our retreat, (and till then the grievance was but little felt) we moved in very large bodies; Sir David Baird's column had traversed a considerable part of the route from Astorga to Lugo, three times before, which might be well supposed to exhaust a country of greater resources; the rapidity of our march had no very exhilarating tendency; and the people dispirited and alarmed, began to look to self-preservation as the primary or sole object of their care. Add to this, the horror and

dismay which the excesses of our soldiers struck, and you will not be surprised that villages and towns were frequently deserted by a population of, say two hundred, to make room for ten times the number of men in arms, whom they justly dreaded. Religious prejudice had its share in the alienation complained of; and they had too much of melancholy evidence to support their ignorant persuasion that we were not Christians. . . . . The few who remained fell victims to their rash confidence, or to the impossibility of removing the little property that was left them; being either *driven out of their houses to perish in the snow, or, in some instances, dispatched by a less tedious operation.*'

The misconduct of the army is attributed to the disappointment of the men, when their hopes of a battle had been raised to the highest pitch; to their suspicion of treachery and cowardice, as the causes of the failure of co-operation on the part of the Spaniards; to their poignant sufferings upon the retreat from fatigue, cold, and hunger; to the impossibility of further exertion in the regimental officers than enabled them to bear the labours of their march, since they had no indulgence which was denied to the privates.

The country people of Portugal are said, by Mr. Ormsby, to be very uncleanly, though fond of ornament in their persons and houses, and inclined rather to saunter away than employ their lives. A husbandman in the field, or a woman at the distaff, was an infrequent sight. Their aversion to agriculture, from the labour it requires, entails hereditary poverty on successive generations; whilst the abundance of fruit and wine, which bountiful nature or moderate industry supplies, protects them from famine, and, in their own opinion, justifies their sloth. The population is consequently small. The villages are few and distant: in these they congregate; nor is a single farm-house any where to be seen. They are pious and moral—in the observance of their religious rites, scrupulously strict; and, though branded by us with the epithet of superstitious, as is our custom, they know no better, and obey what they are taught. There are nations to whom this praise is not so justly applicable. Of their dishonesty, Mr. Ormsby has heard some anecdotes related, but is certain that many more instances of rare fidelity are to be recorded. They were entrusted by officers with what to them must have appeared a treasure, to purchase such luxuries as the villages afforded; and, though they might have eloped with the money in perfect security, the confidence was not betrayed, and they returned, even after hours of absence and fatigue, with a satisfactory account. The peasantry are of such retired, domestic, and indolent habits, that they

dread trouble more than the march of an army to the capital; and it would require the exertion of no common abilities to rouse them into action, and make them emulate the characters of the ancient Lusitanians. Of this they are not ambitious; and, though loyal to their prince and devoted to their religion, it was only where they had smarted from the atrocities of Frenchmen, that the pure, and noble, and disinterested spirit of patriotism was to be found.

Mr. Ormsby has executed no full length of the Spanish character: but has given us several lively sketches of its leading features; of which, the two following may serve as specimens;

'At Sanmonos, application was made to the Alcaldé, or Magistrate, to exert himself in providing billets for these officers, their horses, and servants; and it was merely suggested, that the church might be opened for the reception of soldiers, and their quarters converted into stables. To this he did not condescend to make a reply: a solemn look of ineffable contempt sufficiently explained his meaning.'---ii. 14.

'We may be unreasonable in our expectations; and are in general so utterly unacquainted with the national character, that we may frustrate our objects by the very means we use to obtain them. In any transaction with a Spaniard, the least display of impatience is answered by a provoking and insolent sang-froid; and, till you can recover your temper, he will retain his gravity and slowness. Of this truth, I had repeated lessons in the conduct of my Gallician servant; for so sure as I uttered the fatal word of "prestamente," I lost my breakfast, or left my baggage-mules behind.'

Much as we wish to accompany our author through his eventful journey to its termination at Corunna, we should arrive at the end of our paper long before we should reach his Brundisium: we must, therefore, confine ourselves to one more extract.

'It is not possible to give you an adequate idea of the miseries of this day's march; such scenes of horror perpetually recurring, as would have unmanned the stoutest heart. Soldiers, sinking under fatigue, reclining for refreshment, as they vainly hoped, upon a bed of snow, but never to rise again. The wretched women, struggling with a spirit beyond their sex, and yielding to exhausted nature. Here lies an infant upon a lifeless mother's breast; it fondly labours to imbibe the wonted nourishment, and weeps and wonders! There are two new-born babes beside their mothers' corpse, orphans by birth! An awful silence pervades the ranks, which is only interrupted by the faint groans and fruitless exclamations of the dying. Humanity may sympathise, but can no more. Every individual is occupied and alarmed for his safety; night has overtaken us before we have reached

the summit of the steep; we are pelted by the pitiless storm, have still six miles to go, and many are the victims whom despair consigns to death. In addition to these calamities, horses and mules innumerable are scattered along the road, some charitably shot, others left there to die; stores, ammunition, money, baggage, tumbling down the precipices: no possibility of saving those necessary articles, nor time, nor strength to rescue any thing, however valuable and tempting, from this universal wreck. To these combined afflictions we were exposed till nearly eight at night, when we halted at Dancos, and adjacent villages; and never did I enter the most luxurious drawing-room with such delight as a filthy hovel here, pre-occupied by soldiers and a numerous family. But there was shelter from the storm, and a fire upon the hearth; and, as our baggage had neither arrived, nor was expected, it was an agreeable surprise to find the house afforded abundance of potatoes, on which, with black salt and very cool water, we supped most heartily. At ten a soldier came in, who informed a married officer of our party, that his wife was on the top of a mountain six miles off, her horses having tired, and with her a nurse and two children. With some difficulty he procured a mule, and returned in about four hours, with these poor sufferers, almost exhausted. This was one of the few ladies, who accompanied their husbands, and sustained the hardships of the campaign with admirable firmness. Their adventurous spirit was condemned by many, and pity for their sorrows was less prevalent than censure for their rashness; but it should be recollected, that they were for the most part attracted by prudential motives or conjugal affection, and as such entitled to the applause of every reasonable and feeling mind. Even those who are loud in condemnation must admit, that their crime was their punishment." ii. 133.

The interest which these volumes will create, is both of a temporary and permanent nature: no doubt they were written upon the spur of the occasion, but they will not cease to entertain when the political storms of the present day are passed over, and all the agitations of hope and fear have subsided into the settled gloom of despair, or into the happy calm of security and peace.

ART. IV.—*An Essay on the earlier Part of the Life of Swift. By the Rev. John Barrett, D.D. and Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. To which are subjoined, several Pieces ascribed to Swift; Two of his Original Letters; and Extracts from his Remarks on Bishop Burnett's History.* 8vo. Johnson, &c. &c. &c. 1808.

IF it be insisted, that every particular relating to a great man's life must be interesting, it will however be granted, that

the interest attached to that portion of it which was passed before he had done any thing to render himself remarkable, is of very inferior magnitude. If this observation holds true in general, it is peculiarly just in the case of Swift, whose early life was not only undistinguished by any actions or occurrences worth recording, but did not even furnish that promise of future elevation, of which it is sometimes agreeable, if not instructive, to trace the beginning and progress. An enquiry into the 'early life of Swift,' can therefore afford little besides a dry investigation of obscure and unimportant facts. It little matters, at the present day, whether he was expelled from Trinity College, Dublin, or only suspended. We know enough, both from his silent confessions and his more open avowals, to be well aware that he always held the venerable institution, to which he owed the latter part of his education, in dislike approaching to abhorrence; and that, if he met with any ill-treatment to account for the indulgence of so *unnatural* a feeling, it was at least excited in an equal degree, by the unpleasant recollection of his own misconduct.

As a mere unconnected piece of biography, therefore, we should consider this publication to afford evidence of a portion of time greatly mis-spent by the writer of it. But it is entitled, perhaps, to more courtesy when it is regarded merely as the accompaniment to a new edition of the whole of Swift's works, in which it is naturally to be expected, that every particular relating to his life and labours, which can be rescued from oblivion, will be raked up from his ashes, in compliance with the long-established custom of biographical editors. The volume now before us, in its present form, is intended only for the use of those who, possessing a former edition of the dean's works, might otherwise look with an evil eye on the more happy purchasers of that which is about to appear*. And though Dr. Barrett's name appears in the title-page as the author of the essay, the advertisement informs us, that it is to the 'elaborate' Mr. Malone we are indebted for its production to the world. To the same 'persevering' gentleman are we to offer our thanks, for two original letters, which, we are told, 'will be found highly interesting.'

The 'ignorance and uncertainty' under which we have long 'laboured,' respecting the college-life of Swift, and which appears to Dr. Barrett much more lamentable than it does to

* And has since made its appearance in 19 volumes, 8vo.

us, he ascribes to the circumstance of his early 'obscurity' and unimportance.

'His earliest production, the Tale of a Tub, he was afraid to avow; it was therefore sent into the world anonymously; as were also, many of his other juvenile pieces. At length, in the year 1710, we behold him emerging from obscurity, but this upwards of twenty years after he had left college, and the earliest of his college friends, who has favoured us with an account of his life, Dr. Delany, a person who was admitted into college 14 years after Swift had left it.'

Undoubtedly this accounts satisfactorily enough for our 'ignorance and uncertainty,' with respect to the period of Swift's life above alluded to—but we had no need to seek any reason at all for a deficiency which Swift's biography has so long laboured under, in common with that of most other poets, philosophers, and politicians. Who has heard any thing of *Milton's* college-life, except that he was whipped in the buttery of Christ's? Who wishes to hear more of Swift's than, that he was expelled from Trinity? Or, if we are told that he was only suspended, not expelled, who cares a jot for the information, or is able, from his heart, to thank the informant? We must beg Dr. Barrett to pardon us for our apparent neglect of his labours, if we content ourselves with acquainting our readers that, from a diligent inspection of the respectable and undeniable authorities following, (viz. 'the book of admission into college, or senior lecturer's book, from 1637 to 1725;' 'the book of registry; or of the transactions of the provosts and senior fellows, from 1640 to 1740;' and 'the buttery books, in which are written, every week, the names of the students, and the punishments inflicted on them for missing duties;') the doctor has, we believe, satisfactorily proved, not only the grand fact, (viz. that the doctor was not expelled, only suspended), but many other facts of minor importance, both respecting the dean himself, and also respecting Thomas Swift, and John Jones, and 'Dom. Web, Dom. Serjeant, Maynard, Spencer, et Fisher,'

Alcandrumque, Haliumque, Noemonaque, Prytanimque,

and a great number of other worthies, whose names are often repeated in the authentic documents to which he refers. We say, we *believe*; for, if the reader be really anxious to satisfy his mind on these important points, we must refer him to Dr. Barrett himself, having neither leisure nor patience to weigh the evidence before us.

With regard to the Tripos pronounced by John Jones, for

which that unfortunate wight was actually expelled the college, we agree with Dr. Barrett that there is almost enough of *internal* evidence in the composition, without buttery-book or registry-book, or any other book being called in to support it, to establish Swift as its real author. As in the Saturnalia, the slave was allowed to utter what fooleries he pleased without offence, so the Tripos, at Trinity-college, Dublin, was formerly the allowed vehicle of all the satire or ribaldry bottled up by the juniors during the whole of the preceding year. And as in one case we may suppose, that a tremendous flogging was sometimes the consequence of the slave's mistaking *liberty* for *licence;* so poor Jones was condemned to the several penalties which his offended seniors could inflict, for having been too stupid to make a distinction between so much jest as *they* could bear, and so much as Jonathan Swift could utter. At first, this transaction appears to cast a much blacker stain upon Swift's character, than expulsion with every possible mark of ignominy could alone have occasioned; since it exposes him to the imputation of suffering a friend to bear the punishment due to his personal offence; but, as it seems certain, that he long afterwards lived on the most intimate footing of friendship with the same Jones, it must be presumed that some circumstances of the affair still remain inscrutable even to Dr. Barrett's zeal, and Mr. Malone's elaborate perseverance.

Of the Tripos itself, an immense farrago of absurdity, occupying more than thirty pages of this small volume, it is difficult to find a passage for selection, the humour of which shall make any compensation for its grossness. Yet there is hardly a page that is not stamped with some broad mark of authenticity, and which does not prove that, at that early period, its author's fancy had already taken the bent for which he was distinguished through life. If the filthy character of a college steward had been wanting, we needed no further evidence than Bernard Doyle's breeches, which, as they can be inspected with less offence to delicacy than the most of what remains, we will present to our readers for their satisfaction.

'Here we leave him, and as he sleeps, take a view of his breeches; which I would describe, but they have so many ends, I know not where to begin. He that would presume to mend them would run the risk of a tinker botching a kettle; for, hydra-like, out of one hole would come three or four. You may compare them to Jason's ship; they have not one jot of their primitive stuff left; or to Dr. Mercer's yarn-stockings, that were darned into worsted. The lining had served a long apprentice-

ship for itself; and therefore it crept to set up for itself at the paper-mill. * * * * The crow that borrowed feathers from her neighbours, is the living emblem of these. Should every taylor's boy take his own cabbage, Mr. Doyle would be an Heathen philosopher. Doll Kitchen, coming into his kennel before he rose, thought he had purloined her mop. By their shreds of all nations, you would have thought they belonged to one of the freemasons who built Babel; but, by the multiplicity of white fleas, you would swear they had been campaigning with the vacancy. 'Tis almost incredible so many cattle should thrive on so bare a pasture. Every night he dares venture them off, he's in danger of losing them. Once, when he lay without them, they crept from the garret to the street-door; and had bid him adieu for ever, but his landlady seized them by an habeas corpus, and brought them to him with a pair of tongs. I believe the ladies are for once tired of the breeches; and therefore, as dean Glandee says, 'This one word of comfort, and so I have done.' One morning, crawling their progress, they were devoured by a monkey, and the next day poor Pug died of Pym's disease.'

We are indebted to Dr. Barrett for the preservation of this tripos, and also of the several poetical pieces which follow it; and are, as the advertisement states it, 'ascribed to Swift, on authorities which carry with them their own conviction.' They have all been transcribed by the doctor from 'a manuscript in three volumes, 4to. in the library of Trinity College, Dublin,' entitled 'The Whimsical Medley.' This manuscript Dr. Barrett, with evident triumph on the success of his own sagacity, tells us, first, that he *supposes* to have been entirely written by 'Theophilus, first lord Newtown Butler, elder brother to Brinsley, first viscount Lanesborough,' and immediately afterwards he assures us, that this *supposition* is a *fact* clearly established by circumstantial Evidence.' An incautious *Englishman* generally *supposes* that which is not proved. How much more modest the logician of Trinity, who begins by *supposing* only, when he has already arrived at absolute knowledge! But, after all, what has this triumphant conclusion to do with Swift, or with the authenticity of the poems here ascribed to him?

That they are authentic, at least the greater part of them, we are strongly inclined to believe, even in default of the 'authorities which carry their own conviction,' and which we can no where find. The internal evidence is, certainly, very strongly in their favour; not the less so for their being so egregiously dull and uninteresting, that we often fell asleep in the course of their perusal. Many, we had nearly said, most, of the poems which are published in every former

edition of the works of Swift, are heavy and flat to an extreme. It is hardly then to be expected, that pieces newly discovered at this time of day, should be above the state of the worst of those raked together by the industry of former collectors. The letters between the dean and his friend Sheridan, are the least exceptionable and most humorous of them, but their humour ascends no higher than a few puns and doggrel rhymes; and we have specimens enough, and more than enough, of this harmless sort of wit, of which Swift was so preposterously fond, in the old editions. Upon the whole, we can find nothing worth transcribing among all these pieces, which occupy the space of near a hundred pages in the volume; but in the letter to the Rev. John Brandreth, dean of Emly, (one of those which we have before mentioned to have been contributed by Mr. Malone to this work) the reader will find so much that is peculiar and characteristic of its writer, that we shall not hesitate to present him with it.

'Sir,—If you are not an excellent philosopher, I allow you personate one perfectly well; and if you believe yourself, I heartily envy you; for I never yet saw in Ireland a spot of earth two feet wide, that had not in it something to displease. I think I was once in your county, Tipperary--which is like the rest of the whole kingdom—a bare face of nature, without houses or plantations: filthy cabins, miserable, tattered, half-starved creatures, scarce in human shape;--one insolent, ignorant, oppressive 'squire to be found in twenty miles riding:—a parish church to be found only in a summer-day's journey, in comparison of which an English Farmer's barn is a cathedral;—a bog of 15 miles round;—every meadow a slough, and every hill a mixture of rock, heath, and marsh;—and every male and female, from the farmer inclusive to the day-labourer, infallibly a thief, and consequently a beggar, which in this island are terms convertible. The Shannon is rather a lake then a river, and has not the sixth part of the stream that runs under London-bridge. *There is not an acre of land in Ireland turned to half its advantage, yet it is better improved than the people:* AND ALL THESE EVILS ARE EFFECTS OF ENGLISH TYRANNY!!! *so your sons and* GRAND CHILDREN *will find to their sorrow.* Cork *was*, indeed, a place of trade; but for some years past is gone to decay; and the wretched merchants, instead of being dealers, are dwindled into pedlars and cheats. *I desire you will not write such accounts to your friends in England. Did you ever see one cheerful countenance among our country vulgar?* unless once a year at a fair or on a holiday, when some poor rogue happened to get drunk, and starved the whole week after.—You will give a very different account of your winter campaign, when you can't walk five yards

from your door without being mired to your knees, nor ride half a mile without being in slough to your saddle-skirts; when your landlord must send twenty miles for yeast, before he can brew or bake; and the neighbours for six miles round must club to kill a mutton...Pray, take care of damps, and when you leave your bed-chamber, let a fire be made, to last till night; and after all, if a stocking happens to fall off a chair, you may wring it next morning...*I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.*—— I have not said all this out of any malicious intention, to put you out of conceit with the scene where you are, but merely for your credit; because it is better to know you are miserable, than to betray an ill taste: I consult your honour, which is dearer than life; therefore I demand that you shall not relish one bit of victuals, or drop of drink, or the company of any human creature, within 30 miles of Knoctoher, during your residence in those parts; and then I shall begin to have a tolerable opinion of your understanding. * * * * *.

Was this a faithful picture, when it was painted, a century ago? Does it remain, *to our indelible disgrace*, a faithful picture still? alas! alas! poor Ireland!

Perhaps the most interesting part of the present publication is the concluding portion of it, consisting of "Extracts from Swift's Remarks on 'Burnet's History of his Own Times,' from the original in the library of Lord Lansdown." They are conceived at once in the best and worst spirit of the writer, with all his acuteness, wit, and force, with all his bitterness, party-prejudice, and unfairness.

With a few *selections* from these *extracts*, we shall conclude our present article.

Preface, p. 3. *Burnet.* 'Indeed the peevishness the ill-nature, and the ambition of many clergymen, has sharpened my spirits, perhaps, too much against them—so I *warn* my readers to take all that I say on those heads with some grains of allowance.'—*Swift.* 'I will take his *warning*.'

P. 23. *Burnet.* 'This person (Mr. Stewart) who was only a private gentleman, became so considerable, that he was raised by degrees to be Earl of Traquair, and Lord Treasurer of Scotland; and was in great favour; but suffered afterwards such a reverse of fortune, that I saw him so low that he wanted bread; and it was generally believed that he died of hunger.'—*Swift.* 'A strange death! Perhaps it was want of meat.'

P. 28. *Burnet.* 'The Earl of Argyle was a more solemn sort of man, grave and sober, and free of all scandalous vices.'—*Swift.* 'As a man is free of a corporation, he means.'

P. 49. *Burnet.* 'I will not enter further into the military

part; for I remember an advice of Marshal Schomberg, never to meddle in military matters. His observation was, 'Some affected to relate those affairs in all the terms of war, in which they committed great errors, that exposed them to the scorn of all commanders, who must despise relations that pretend to exactness, when there were blunders in every part of them.'—*Swift.* 'Very foolish advice, for soldiers cannot write.'

P. 5. *Burnet.* 'Upon the king's death, the Scots proclaimed his son king, and sent over Sir George Wincan, *that married my great aunt*, to treat with him while he was in the Isle of Jersey.'—*Swift.* 'Was *that* the reason why he was sent?'

P. 63. *Burnet.* (speaking of the Scotch preachers in the time of the civil wars.) 'The crowds were far beyond the capacity of their churches or the reach of their voices.'—*Swift.* 'And the preaching beyond the capacity of the crowd. I believe the church had as much capacity as the minister.'

P. 163. *Burnet.* (speaking of *Paradise lost,*) 'It was esteemed the *beautifullest* and *perfectest* poem that ever was writ, at least in *our* language.'—*Swift.* 'A mistake! for it is *in English.*'

P. 189. *Burnet.* 'Patrick was esteemed a great preacher, * * but a little too severe against those who differed from him.. * He became afterwards more moderate.'—*Swift.* 'Yes..for he turned a rank whig.'

P. 263. *B.* 'And yet, after all, he (K. Charles II.) never treated her (Nell Gwyn) with the *decencies* of a mistress.'—*S.* 'Pray, what *decencies* are those?'

P. 327. *B.* 'It seems, the French made no great account of their prisoners, for they released 25,000 Dutch for 50,000 crowns.'—*Swift.* 'What! ten shillings a piece! By much too dear for a Dutchman.'

P. 483. *B.* 'I laid open the cruelties of the church of Rome in queen Mary's time, which were not then known; and I *aggravated*, though *very truly*, the danger of falling under the power of that religion.'—*S.* 'A BULL!'

P. 525. *B.* 'Home was convicted on the credit of *one* evidence...Applications, 'tis true, were made to the Duke of York for saving his life: but he was not born under *a pardoning planet. S.* 'Silly fop!'

P. 586. *B.* 'Baillie suffered several hardships and fines, for being supposed to be in the Rye-house plot; yet during this he

seemed so composed, and ever so cheerful, that his behaviour looked like the revival of the spirit of the noblest Greeks and Romans.'—*S.* 'Take notice he was *our cousin.*'

'P. 727. *B.* 'I come now to the year 1688, which proved memorable, and produced an extraordinary and *unheard of* revolution.'—*S.* 'The devil's in that! Sure all Europe *heard* of it.'

P. 752. *B.* (doubting of the legitimacy of the pretender, and describing the Queen's manner of lying-in,) 'All this while the Queen lay in bed; and in order, to the warming one side of it, a warming-pan was brought; but it was not opened, that it might be seen whether there was any fire in it.'—*S.* 'This, the ladies say, is very foolish.'

P. 799. *B.* 'When I had the first account of King James's flight, I was affected with this dismal reverse of fortune in a great prince, more than I think fit to express.'—*S.* 'Or than I will believe.'

P. 816. *B.* 'It was proposed that the birth of the pretended prince might be enquired into, and I was ordered to gather together all the presumptive proofs that were formerly mentioned: it is true these did not amount to a full and legal proof; yet they seemed to be such violent presumptions, that when they were all laid together, they were more convincing than plain and downright evidence, for that was liable to the suspicion of subornation, whereas the other seemed to carry on them very convincing characters of truth and conformity.'—*S.* 'Well said bishop.'

Vol. II. p. 669. *B.* (speaking of the progress of his own life,) 'The pleasures of sense I did soon nauseate.'—*S.* 'Not so soon with the wine of some elections.'

The volume closes with a Birth-day Address to Swift by Parnell, full of the toad-eating flattery which recommended the latter so highly to the poetical arbiters of the day, and with his character by Granger, almost equally adulatory and unjust.

ART. V. *The Geographical, Natural, and Civil History of Chili. Translated from the original Italian of the Abbe Don J. Ignatius Molina. To which are added, Notes from the Spanish and French Versions, and two Appendixes, by the English Editor; the first, an Account of the Archipelago of Chiloe, from the description Historical of P. F. Pedro Gonzalez de Agueros; the second, an Account of the Native Tribes who inhabit the Southern extremity of South America, extracted chiefly from Falkner's Description of Patagonia.* Longman, 1809. 2 *vols.* 8vo. *pp.* 706.

'THE author of the present work, Don Juan Ignatius Molina, was a native of Chili, distinguished for his literary acquirements, and particularly his knowledge of natural history, large collections in which he had made during his residence in that country. On the dissolution of the celebrated order of the Jesuits, of which he was a member, he shared the general fate of that community, in being expelled from the territories of Spain, and was, at the same time, deprived not only of his collections in natural history, but also of his manuscripts. The most important of the latter, relative to Chili, he had however, the good fortune to regain by accident, some time after his residence in Bologna, in Italy, whither he had gone on his arrival in Europe.

'Furnished with these materials, he applied himself to writing the history of that country, which was published at two different periods; the first part, comprising the Natural History, in the year 1787, and the second, containing the Civil, for reasons mentioned in his Preface, not until some years after. This work, which was written in Italian, has obtained a very high reputation on the continent of Europe, where it has been translated into the French, German, and Spanish languages.'

'In rendering this work into English, reference has been had both to the French and Spanish versions, which contain some valuable additional notes. Through the politeness of a gentleman of his acquaintance, the translator has also been furnished with an anonymous compendium of the History of Chili, printed in Bologna, in 1776, from which the supplementary notes to this volume are taken.'

"In addition to what is said above, the English Editor has to state, that he has, from documents in his possession, added a few occasional notes, which are distinguished by the letters *E. E.* He has also subjoined, from Falkner's description of Patagonia, a further elucidation of the language of the Auracanos; and two Appendixes, the first containing an Account of the Archipelago of Chiloé, from the Descripcion Historical of that province, by P. F. Pedro Gonzalez de Agueros, printed at Madrid, in 1791; and the second, an Account of the Native Tribes who inhabit the Southern extremity of South America, extracted chiefly from Falkner's work."

Such is the account which the translator has given of the work itself, and of his own additions and improvements.—The first volume which contains the geographical, and natural history of Chili, is divided into four chapters, which respectively treat of the situation, climate, natural phenomena, waters, earths, stones, salts, bitumens, metals, herbs, shrubs, trees, worms, insects, reptiles, fishes, birds and quadrupeds. The second volume, which comprises the civil history of Chili, is divided into four books, which describe the past and the present state of Chili, the changes which the country has undergone, the manners and institutions of the people, the noble stand which the Araucanians made in defence of their liberty, independence, &c. &c.

The present work from its relation to a country which is so little known, and of which the jealous policy of the Spaniards has conspired rather to conceal than to divulge the real situation, would, at all times have been interesting, but that interest is greatly increased by the present state of the mother country. If the mother country be subjected to the family of Napoleon, the Spanish South American colonies should more than probably assert and establish their independence. If this event should take place it is not to be expected that they will, nor to be wished that the different colonies should coalesce into one government. It is more probable that separate governments will be formed in Mexico, Peru, Chili and Buenos Ayres. Of these countries, that of Chili is well adapted by its local advantages for a compact government of sufficient but not immoderate extent. The Pacific Ocean constitutes its natural barrier on the West; the Cordilleras, or Andes on the East; on the North it is bounded by Peru, and on the South, by Cujo, Patagonia and the land of Magellan. The country itself is stretched out in a long line between the Cordilleras and the sea. This line varies in breadth in proportion as the ocean retires from the mountains, and varies from 120 to about 900 miles.

The Cordilleras are computed to be 120 miles in breadth, in that part of the chain which forms the Western barrier of Chili. All these mountains are of a prodigious height, and exhibit in their different aspects and situations all the beauties and the horrors of the picturesque.—Chili is partly occupied by the Spaniards and the Indians. The Spanish part is situated between the 24th and 37th degrees of South latitude, and is divided into thirteen provinces. The country is represented as one of the most fertile, and the climate one of the mildest and most agreeable in the world. Though so near the tropic, the people are not incommoded by the violence of the heat. A fresh breeze from the sea, which is called the *country*-

man's watch, springs up regularly about 12 at noon and at midnight, and continues for two or three hours.—Besides these breezes which moderate the temperature,

'The abundant dews, and certain winds from the Andes, which are distinct from the east wind, cool the air so much in summer that, in the shade, no one is ever incommoded with perspiration. The dress of the inhabitants of the sea-coast is the same in winter as in summer; and in the interior, where the heat is more perceptible than elsewhere, Réaumur's thermometer scarcely ever exceeds 25 degrees. The nights, throughout the country, are generally of a very agreeable temperature. Notwithstanding the moderate heat of Chili, all the fruits of warm countries, and even those of the tropics arrive to great perfection there.'

Earthquakes however, which cannot be reckoned among the terrestrial delights, on which the Abbe Molina has so largely expatiated, are so common, that the inhabitants are said usually to reckon upon three or four in the course of the year.—But the author tells us that 'they are very slight, and little attention is paid to them.' The cities are constructed with a view to the recurrence of these formidable visitations; for 'the streets are left so broad that the inhabitants would be safe in the middle of them, should even the houses fall upon both sides.'

'In addition to all this,' says the author, 'all the houses have spacious courts and gardens, which would serve as places of refuge. Those, who are wealthy, have usually in their gardens, several neat wooden barracks, whenever they are threatened with an earthquake. Under these circumstances the Chilians live without apprehension, &c.'

Hence we see how soon human nature accommodates itself to the idea of the most perilous contingencies. The *amor patriæ*, the patriotic affection of the Chilians is too strong to be shaken even by an earthquake; for the Abbe Molina says, that he is convinced the inhabitants 'would not readily be induced to quit it for any other exempt from this calamity.'

'Before the arrival of the Spaniards' the Abbe Molina says, that 'contagious disorders were unknown:' but this can hardly be true; for the filth, in which all uncivilized nations live, must in particular states of the atmosphere, give rise to contagious diseases, independent of the constant sources of contagion in the noxious effluvia, which proceed from the stagnant waters of uncultivated districts. The Spaniards are said to have introduced the small-pox; but the Indians practise a

very effectual preventive against the diffusion of this destructive malady. For, whenever they suspect any person to be attacked with it, they set fire to his hut by means of poisoned arrows and burn the mansion along with the inhabitant. The *general good*, without any regard to the feelings of individuals, seems in this case to be their rule of action.

Siphilis, which is supposed to have been one of the *aborigines* of America is, according to the Abbe,

'But little known in the Spanish settlements, and still less among the Indians. As the last have no word in their language expressive of it, there is every reason to presume that this malady was not known among them until after the arrival of the Spaniards. The rickets, a disease which for three centuries has been a scourge to Europe, is as yet unknown within the boundaries in Chili, and lame or deformed persons are very rarely to be met with.* To many of the maladies, peculiar to hot countries, such as the Siam fever, the black vomit, and the leprosy, its inhabitants are likewise equally strangers. No instance of the hydrophobia has ever occurred, and M. de la Condamine justly observes, that in South America the dogs,† cats, and other animals are never afflicted with madness.'

Chili seems to be on the whole, a country eminently favoured with the possession not only of the choicest blessings which other parts of the world possess, but with an exemption from some of the most formidable enemies to which the inhabitants of other countries are subject.

'It has none of those dangerous or venomous animals which are so much dreaded in hot countries; and it has but one species of small serpent, which is perfectly harmless, as the French Academicians ascertained when they went to Peru, in 1736, to

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* The Creoles are generally well shaped, and there are scarce any of those deformed persons, so common in other countries, to be seen among them; besides which, they almost all possess great flexibility and activity of limbs.—*Philosophical History*, book xi. chap. 18.

'Not only the Creoles,' who are descended from the Europeans, but also the aborigines of the country, display equal perfection of form. Some authors pretend, that the reason why none who are deformed, or cripples, are to be found among these people, is owing to the savage custom which the parents have of destroying such unfortunate children at their birth; but this is a mere picture of the imagination; at least, among the Chilians no trace of so inhuman a practice has ever been discovered, as numbers who have lived with them for years have positively assured me.

'† This fact is certain. Does it not follow that this dreadful malady is never generated without infection, and therefore that it is possible to annihilate it?—*E. E.*

measure a degree of the meridian.* The lions, which are sometimes met with in the thickest and least frequented forests, are distinguished from the African lion, both by their being without hair, and their timidity; there is no instance of their ever having attacked a man, and a man may not only travel, but lie down to sleep with perfect security, in any part of the plain, and even in the thickest forests of the mountains. Neither tigers, wolves, nor many other ferocious beasts that infest the neighbouring countries, are known there. Probably the great ridge of the Andes, which is every where extremely steep, and covered with snow, serves as a barrier to their passage. The mildness of the climate may also be unfavourable to them, as the greater part of these animals are natives of the hottest countries.

The surface of Chili is a sort of inclined plane, from the Andes to the sea. The country is variegated by innumerable rivers and streams, which are incessantly supplied from that inexhaustible reservoir which is contained in the snowy tops of the Andes. The rivers flow with great rapidity, till their course is slackened by the rising ground near the coast. They run, in general, over a stony bottom, the channels are broad, and the banks low. These are said to be covered with beautiful trees which are perennially green. The waters of these streams, which are chiefly composed of liquified snow, are said to be constantly drunk, and to be very salubrious. The *goitre*, which is sometimes thought to arise from snow-water, is a disease from which the Chilians are entirely free.

'Lakes of salt and fresh water are common in Chili. The first are situated in the marshes of the Spanish provinces.'

Some of these are from 12 to 20 miles in length. The largest fresh water lakes are in the country of the Araucanians.

'In a valley of the Andes, inhabited by the Pehuenches, in 34 deg. 40 min. latitude, are eleven springs of very clear and limpid water, which overflows the surface, and becomes crystallized into a salt as white as snow. This valley is about fifteen miles in circumference, and is entirely covered, for the depth of six feet, with a crust of salt, which is collected by the inhabitants in large pieces, and used for all domestic purposes. The surrounding mountains afford no external indication of mineral salt, but they must necessarily abound with it, from the great quantities deposited by these springs.'

'Mineral waters are common in Chili. The most celebrated

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* This country is not infested by any kind of insect except the chigoes or pricker, or any poisonous reptile; and although in the woods and fields some snakes are to be found, their bite is by no means dangerous; nor does any savage or ferocious beast excite terror in its plains.—*Ulloa's Voyage*, part ii. vol. 3.

are those of the Spanish settlements of Peldehues and Cauquenes. The source of the former is on the summit of one of the exterior mountains of the Andes, to the north of St. Jago. It consists of two springs of very different temperatures, one hot, and the other cold; the former is sixty degrees above the freezing point of Reaumur's thermometer, the latter four degrees below it. They are about eighty feet distant, and their waters are united, by means of canals, so as to form a tepid bath, which is found very efficacious in many disorders. The water of the hot spring is oily to the touch, and foams like soap suds; it abounds with mineral alkali, which appears to be combined with an unctuous substance in a state of solution.'

The soil of Chili is said to be so exuberantly impregnated with the principles of fecundity, as not to require the aid of manure. It is alleged that the land in the vicinity of St. Jago, has

'Never been manured since the settlement of the Spaniards, a period of two hundred and thirty-nine years, though constantly cultivated by them, and for an unknown time by the Indians before them.'

The marine substances which are found in every part of Chili, prove that the narrow slip of land which passes under this name has been formerly covered by the ocean, which has gradually receded from the Andes.

'On the top of Descabezado, a very lofty mountain in the midst of the principal chain of the Andes, whose height appears to me not inferior to that of the celebrated Chimboraso of Quito, various shells, evidently the production of the sea, oysters, conchs, periwinkles, &c. are found in a calcined or petrified state.

'The summit of this mountain, whose form appears to be owing to some volcanic eruption, is flat, and exhibits a plain of more than six miles square; in the middle is a very deep lake, which, from every appearance, was formerly the crater of a volcano.

'The principal chain of the Andes is situated between two of less height that are parallel to it. These lateral chains are about twenty-five or thirty miles distant from the principal, but are connected with it by transverse ramifications, apparently of the same age and organization, although their bases are more extensive and variegated. From the lateral ridges many other branches extend outwardly, composed of small mountains, occasionally running in different directions.

'These external mountains, as well as the middle and maritime, are of a secondary formation, and an order essentially different. Their summits are generally more rounded, and they consist of horizontal strata of various substances and unequal

thickness, which abound with marine productions, and often exhibit the impressions of animals and vegetables. I have observed both in excavations formed by the water, and those made by the inhabitants, that the inferior stratum of these mountains is generally a kind of whetsone, of a reddish colour and a sandy grain, sometimes a quartzeous sand, or a compact dark grey sandstone; this is succeeded by layers of clay, marle, various kinds of marble, schistus, spar, gypsum, and coal; beneath the whole are found veins of ore, ochre, quartz, granite, porphyry, sand, and rocks of various degrees of hardness.

'The disposition of the strata varies very considerably in different places, and in these derangements the laws of gravitation are seldom observed, as what forms the upper stratum in one mountain, I have discovered to be the inferior in another. They in general, however, preserve a degree of regularity in their inclination, which is from south to north, a little tending towards the west, corresponding with the relative situation of the ocean, whose currents are from south to north.'

Gold is found in great abundance in Chili. The author says, that there is hardly a mountain or hill which does not contain it in a greater or less degree. It is found also in the sands, particularly in those which are washed down by the rivers and torrents. The gold is separated from the sand by being put into a vessel of wood or horn, which is placed in a running stream, and shaken till the "sand which contains no metallic particles, being lighter, is thrown out over the top, and the more weighty particles of the gold remain at the bottom." The working of the gold mines is very expensive, and the profit very uncertain; though there are a few which have been wrought to advantage ever since the conquest. The mines are very subject to inundations. The celebrated mine of Peledhus, in the vicinity of St. Jago, which yielded daily upwards of fifteen hundred pounds weight of gold, was some years ago suddenly inundated and necessarily abandoned.

'The matrix of the gold is very variable, and it may be said that there is no kind of stone or earth but what serves it for that purpose. It is to be seen every where, either in small grains or brilliant spangles, under singular forms, or in irregular masses that may be cut by the chissel. The most usual matrix is a very brittle red clay stone. The *salbanda*, or the exterior covering of the veins, called by miners *caxas*, is as variable as the matrix; it is sometimes of spar or quartz, at others it consists chiefly of flint, marble, or hornbend. The principal veins are frequently ramified into a number of smaller ones that are generally very rich. They sometimes descend almost vertically into the earth, and in those instances require great labour and expense to be pursued; at others they take a circular direction a few feet under ground, and meet, particularly at the foot of mountains. The

usual course of the veins, though subject to some variations, is from south to north.'

The skill and the habits of the miners of Chili are thus described:

'They are expert in mining and in the art of assaying and refining metals; but their knowledge is wholly practical, and they are entirely ignorant of the theory or the real principles of the art. They are divided into three classes, the first those who labour in the mine, the second the founders and refiners, the third the porters, or those who carry off the mineral. In general they are a bold, enterprising, and prodigal class of men. Familiarized to the sight of the precious metals, they learn to disregard them, and attach but little value to money. They are extravagant in their expenses, and passionately addicted to gaming, in which they pass almost all their leisure moments; and instances are not unfrequent of a miner losing one or two thousand crowns of a night. Losses of this nature are considered by them as trifles, and on such occasions they gaily console themselves with a professional proverb, that, "the mountains never keep accounts." Nothing is more abhorrent to them than frugality, and whenever they find one of their companions who has amassed a sum of money by his economy, they leave no means untried to strip him of it, observing, that avarice is a vice peculiarly degrading to the character of a miner; and so addicted are they to ebriety, that those who on first joining them are remarkable for their abstemiousness, are soon led, from the influence of example, to participate in the general intemperance. From these causes none of them acquire property, and they generally die in the greatest poverty and distress, while the profits of their labour are wholly absorbed by those who supply them with provisions and liquor.'

Countries whose subterraneous contents are rich in minerals, usually exhibit a sterile surface, if not totally destitute of vegitation. But in Chili, the plains, the vallies, and the mountains, are said to be covered with beautiful trees, while every season produces vegetables suited to the climate. The author enumerates the different herbs, shrubs and trees which are found in the country. The soil appears to be peculiarly favourable to the culture of the vine.

'The grapes in the highest estimation are those that grow upon the shores of the Itata. The wine obtained from them is the best in Chili, it is called Conception wine, and is usually red, of a good body, an excellent flavour, and not inferior to the first wines in Europe.' 'About twenty years since some vines of a black muscadel grape, of an excellent quality, were discovered in the valleys of the Andes, and from thence transported into the other provinces. As these valleys had never been inhabited, and till that time no such grape had been known

in any other part of the country, it is difficult to determine whether it is a native of Chili, or brought from Europe'.

Chili produces most of the European fruits. Forests of apple and quince trees of three to four leagues in extent are found in the provinces of the south.

'The tree *(alberchigos)* like the fig, bears twice a year; in the month of January it yields large and pulpy peaches, and in April a small fruit, resembling the almond, of a delicious taste, called *almendrachos*. The pears and cherries produce also twice a year, but the latter growth rarely obtains perfect maturity. Oranges, lemons, and citrons, of which there are many varieties in Chili, grow every where in the open fields, and their vegetation is not inferior to that of the other trees.'

The fourth chapter on the 'worms, insects, reptiles, fishes, birds and quadrupeds,' is full of curious and interesting details on these subjects. Man in Chili, when not addicted to those indulgences which shorten life, attains to a very advanced age.

'It appears beyond a doubt,' says the editor, 'from the concurrent testimony of all writers who have lived in South America, that the natives live to a hundred more frequently than Europeans to fourscore.'

This is probably more owing to the uniform mildness of the climate and to the less liberal use of spirituous liquors than to any other cause.

(To be continued.)

ART. VI. *The epistolary Correspondence of Sir Richard Steele; including his familiar Letters to his Wife and Daughters; to which are prefixed Fragments of three Plays; two of them undoubtedly Steele's, the third supposed to be Addison's. Faithfully printed from the Originals, and illustrated with literary and historical Anecdotes. By John Nichols, F.S.A.E. and P.* 2 *vols.* 8*vo.* 1809. Nichols *and* Son, *pp.* 696.

Mr. NICHOLS, to whom the public is indebted for the present publication, tells us in his preface that these letters after the death of Sir Richard Steele, fell into the possession of his eldest daughter Elizabeth, who was married to the Hon. John Trevor, afterwards the third Lord Trevor. His lordship died in 1764, but his daughter survived him till January 1782. The greater part of the letters which are contained in these volumes were given by her ladyship a short

time before her death to the eldest son of Mrs. Thomas, who was the daughter of Mrs. Aynston*.

Mr. Nichols purchased the letters of Mr. Thomas, and presented the originals to the British Museum. Some of the letters have been extracted from various publications in which they had previously appeared.

'Steele's first wife was a lady of Barbados; by whom he acquired a valuable plantation there on the death of her brother, who was taken by the French at sea as he was coming to England, and died in France. She died a few months after their marriage.'

Steele's second wife was a Mrs. Mary† Scurlock, daughter of Jonathan Scurlock, esq. of the county of Caermarthen. She is said to have been at the age of eight or nine and twenty at the time when she became an object of the tender regards of Steele.

The first letter from Steele to this lady is supposed by Mr. Nichols to have been dated August 9, 1707. In this letter Steele solicits *permission to wait on her.* On the 14th of this month he appears to have obtained the interview which he desired; for in the letter of August 15, he thanks her "for yesterday's admission." Steele was undoubtedly well received, and made great progress in the siege which he laid to *Mrs. Scurlock's* heart; for in a letter which this lady is supposed to have addressed to her mother on the following day, she requests *her consent and blessing to her putting out of her power to delay, and so, perhaps, to lose her first and only inclination.*

The whole period of courtship does not appear to have exceeded the space of *one month.* But the address of Steele was probably such as few however could resist. The lady, as appears in the sequel, was a little of the prude, and at times either felt or affected a degree of reserve and coldness which were not much in unison with the generous, open disposition and ardent temperament of Steele.

The following may serve as a specimen of the manner in which Steele addressed the object of his regard during the period of courtship:

---

* This Mrs. Aynston was what is termed, the natural daughter of Sir Richard Steele, by a relation of Tonson the bookseller.

† She is styled in the letters not *Miss*, but *Mrs.* Scurlock, though her mother was still living. 'The appellation of *Miss* was then appropriated to the daughters of gentlemen under the age of ten, or given opprobriously to young gentlewomen reproachable for the giddiness or irregularity of their conduct.'

TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

'MADAM, *Lord Sunderland's Office*, 1707.

'With what language shall I address my lovely fair, to acquaint her with the sentiments of an heart she delights to torture? I have not a minute's quiet out of your sight; and, when I am with you, you use me with so much distance, that I am still in a state of absence heightened with a view of the charms which I am denied to approach. In a word, you must give me either a fan, a mask, or a glove, you have wore, or I cannot live; otherwise you must expect I'll kiss your hand, or, when I next sit by you, steal your handkerchief. You yourself are too great a bounty to be received at once; therefore I must be prepared by degrees, lest the mighty gift distract me with joy. Dear Mrs. Scurlock, I am tired with calling you by that name; therefore say the day in which you will take that of, Madam, your most obedient, most devoted humble servant, RICH. STEELE.'

TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

'MADAM, *Smith-street, Westminster*, 1707.

'I lay down last night with your image in my thoughts, and have awaked this morning in the same contemplation. The pleasing transport with which I am delighted, has a sweetness in it, attended with a train of ten thousand soft desires, anxieties and cares. The day arises on my hopes with new brightness; youth, beauty, and innocence, are the charming objects that steal me from myself, and give me joys above the reach of ambition, pride, or glory. Believe me, fair-one, to throw myself at your feet, is giving myself the highest bliss I know on earth. Oh, hasten ye minutes! bring on the happy morning wherein to be ever her's will make me look down on thrones! Dear Molly, I am passionately, faithfully thine, RICH. STEELE.'

When Steele wrote the following billet, his temples were probably crowned with the vine-leaves of the rosy god.

'DEAR, LOVELY MRS. SCURLOCK,

Saturday-night, [*Aug.* 30, 1707.]

'I have been in very good company, where your health, under the character of *the woman I loved best*, has been often drunk; so that I may say I am dead drunk for your sake, which is more than *I die for you*. RICH. STEELE.'

Steele is thought by the editor to have married *Mrs. Scurlock* on September 7, 1707. But several days seem to have elapsed after the celebration of the ecclesiastical ceremony before the lady would permit the enamoured author of the Tatler to exercise his conjugal rights. She is supposed to have designed to abstain from her husband's bed till her mother came from Caermarthen to her house in Swallow-street. But her scruples were probably vanquished before

this by the importunities of her lover. The amatory style of Steele does not however appear even after marriage to have undergone any alteration in fervent expressions of regard or admiration, notwithstanding the occasional display of prudery, peevishness and selfishness on the part of his helpmate. When he was absent he hardly suffered a day to elapse without writing to her. Whether he was idle or busy, drunk or sober, he appears never to have been unmindful of her. Her petulance and ill humour seem often to have harassed his peace, and occasionally to have provoked his aversion; but his sensations of resentment, if any he experienced, were always momentary and evanescent Many of his letters are only short notes scribbled as he could snatch time from his business, or from those convivial pleasures to which he appears to have been always too prone. We shall quote a few of these scraps, which may serve as specimens of the whole, and which in our opinion place his character in a very amiable point of view.

'DEAREST BEING ON EARTH, *Oct.* 16, 1707.

'Pardon me if you do not see me till eleven o'clock, having met a schoolfellow from India, by whom I am to be informed in things this night which extremely concern your obedient husband, RICH. STEELE.'

'DEAR RULER, DEC. 8, 1707.

'I cannot wait upon you to-day to Hampton-Court. I have the West-Indian business on my hands*, and find very much to be done before Thursday's post. I shall dine at our table at Court, where the bearer knows how to come to me with any orders for your obedient husband, and most humble servant,

'My duty to my mother.' RICH. STEELE.'

TO MRS. STEELE†.

'MY DEAR, DEAR WIFE, *Dec.* 22, 1707.

'I write to let you know I do not come home to dinner, being obliged to attend some business abroad, of which I shall give you an account (when I see you in the evening), as becomes your dutiful and obedient husband, RICH. STEELE.'

Devil Tavern, Temple-Bar, Jan. 3, 1707-8.

'DEAR PRUE,

'I have partly succeeded in my business to-day, and inclose two guineas as earnest of more. Dear Prue, I cannot come home to dinner. I languish for your welfare, and will never be a moment careless more.

Your faithful husband, RICH. STEELE.'

'Send me word you have received this.'

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* The plantation in Barbados, left to Steele by his first wife.

† At her house, 3d door from Germain-street, left hand in Berry-street.

'DEAR PRUE, 11 *At night, Jan.* 5, 1707-8.

'I was going home two hours ago, but was met by Mr. Griffith, who has kept me ever since meeting me as he came from Mr. Lambert's. I will come within a pint of wine.

RICH. STEELE.'

'We drink your health, and Mr. Griffith is your servant.'

'DEAR PRUE, *Lord Sunderland's Office, May* 19, 1708, 11 *o'clock.*

'I desire of you to get the coach and yourself ready as soon as you can conveniently, and call for me here, from whence we will go and spend some time together in the fresh air in free conference. Let my best periwig be put in the coach-box, and my new shoes, for it is a comfort to be well dressed in agreeable company. You are vital life to your obliged, affectionate husband, and humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.'

St. James's, Gentleman-Usher's Table,

'MY DEAR PRUE, *May* 24, 1708.

'I cannot dine at home, but am in haste to speak with one about business of moment. Dear Prue, be cheerful, for I am in pursuit of what will be good news to you. I am your most affectionate, obliged husband,

RICH. STEELE'.

'Think of going with me this afternoon.'

'DEAR PRUE, *June* 1, 1708.

'I shall be at the office exactly at seven, in hopes of seeing the beautifullest object that can present itself to my eyes---your fair self. Pray be well dressed.

Your obedient servant, and affectionate husband,

'We shall stay in town.' RICH. STEELE.'

'DEAR PRUE, *June* 5, 1708.

'What you would have me do I know not. All that my fortune will compass you shall always enjoy; and have nobody near you that you do not like, except I am myself disapproved by you for being devotedly your obedient husband,

RICH. STEELE.'

'I shall not come home till night.'

'DEAR PRUE, *Aug.* 28, 1708.

'The afternoon coach shall bring you ten pounds. Your letter shews you are passionately in love with me. But we must take our portion of life as it runs, without repining; and I consider that good-nature, added to that beautiful form God has given you, would make an happiness too great for human life.

Your most obliged husband, and most humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.'

'DEAR PRUE, *Aug.* 30, 1708.

'I sent ten pounds by the afternoon coach of Saturday, and hope you received it safe. The manner in which you write to me might perhaps to another look like neglect and want of love;

but I will not understand it so, but take it to be only the uneasiness of a doating fondness, which cannot bear my absence without disdain.

'I hope we shall never be so long asunder more; for it is not in your power to make me otherwise than your affectionate, faithful, and tender husband, RICH. STEELE.'

Steele's perpetual indiscretions kept him perpetually indigent; but his wife appears to have taken much better care of the main chance; and to have made a private purse out of which she was not always very willing to relieve the necessities of Sir Richard. In letter 299, Sir Richard writes to his lady:

'I beg of you to send for coals and all things necessary for the week, and keep us only to the end of it out of your abundance; and I shall ever add to it hereafter, instead of attempting to diminish it.'

In letter 294 the knight says,

'I have no hopes from that or any thing else, but by dint of riches to get the government of your ladyship.'

Nov. 17, 1716, letter 306, the

'*obedient husband*,' (for this is a frequent signature of Sir Richard) tells his parsimonious dame, 'we had not when you left us, an inch of candle, a pound of coal, or a bit of meat in the house.'

In letter 315 we have the following arch allusion to the mercantile severity with which Lady Steele settled her pecuniary accounts with her spouse.

'Your man Sam owes me three-pence, which must be deducted in the account between you and me; therefore pray take care to get it in, or stop it.'

The prodigality of Steele himself, and the rapacity of his wife, seem to have been continually stimulating his ingenuity in contriving schemes to get money. One of his plans was an invention, in which he was concerned with a Mr. Gillmore, for bringing fish to London. This experiment did not answer at the time, owing to some defect in the structure of the pool; but it appears to have been since carried to greater perfection. Sir Richard obtained a patent for his invention; and like most speculators, anticipated great profits from the success of his scheme.

The following extracts from letter 336 and 398, are very characteristic of the amiable character of Steele.

'Your son, at the present writing, is mighty well employed in tumbling on the floor of the room, and sweeping the sand with

a feather. He grows a most delightful child, and very full of play and spirit. He is also a very great scholar: he can read his Primer; and I have brought down my Virgil. He makes most shrewd remarks upon the pictures. We are very intimate friends and play fellows.' 'My dear wife, preserve yourself for him that sincerely loves you, and to be an example to your little ones of religion and virtue. If it pleases God to bless us together with life and health, we will live a life of piety and cheerful virtue. Your daughter Bess gives her duty to you, and says she will be your comfort, but she is very sorry you are afflicted with the gout. The brats, my girls, stand on each side the table; and Molly says that what I am writing now is about her new coat. Bess is with me till she has new cloaths. Miss Moll has taken upon her to hold the sand-box, and is so impertinent in her office that I cannot write more.'

We had an instance of the prudery of Steele's wife immediately after the celebration of their nuptials; and she seems occasionally to have practised the same conduct in all subsequent periods of their intercourse. The next extract is from letter 399, dated Sept. 24, 1717, about ten years after their marriage.

'Now let me answer to what you say that I have not expressed any thing about a desire of our meeting again. There is nothing upon earth I wish so much, provided always that you will be what you ought to be to me, and not let me burn for what ought to be free to me; and that you will have the children in the house with us; for I am come to take great delight in them.'

It should seem that Sir Richard was sometimes under the necessity of paying for her ladyship's favours.

'As to the coldness', says he, 'on this subject I answer very sincerely, that your ladyship's coldness to me as a woman and a wife has made me think it necessary to suppress the expression of my heart towards you, because it could not end in the pleasures and enjoyments I ought to expect from it, and *which you obliged me to wean myself from, till I had so much money*, &c.'

Lady Steele died Dec. 26, 1718, at the age of forty years.

We have considered these letters principally as elucidating the domestic relations and the real character of Steele; but there are several parts of them, which tend to exalt our ideas of his honesty and his patriotism. Thus when in 1716--17, Mr. Walpole proposed to lower the interest given to the public creditor, Steele appears to have been the only man in the house who spoke against such an iniquitous proceeding. And he opposed it on the best and strongest ground—because it was a violation of the national faith. In 1717, when a petition was brought into the house from the Roman Catholics,

and when to say any thing in the favour of that obnoxious body was to incur the charge of toryism and of disaffection to the house of Hanover, Steele, who tells his wife that he had '*always an unfashionable thing called conscience, in all matters of judicature or justice,*' had the courage, the christianity and patriotism to say, that, 'to put severities upon men merely on account of religion is a most grievous and unwarrantable proceeding,' and that we ought not to 'pursue Roman Catholics with the spirit of Roman Catholics, but act towards them with the temper of our religion.'

'When,' says Steele, 'I had adventored to say this, others followed; and there is a bill directed for the relief of the petitioners. I suppose this gave an handle to the fame of my being a tory; but you may, perhaps, by this time, have heard that I am turned Presbyterian, for the same day in a meeting of a hundred Parliament men, I laboured as much for the Protestant Dissenters.'

In a letter to Lady Steele, dated April 22, 1717, Sir Richard says,

'The scene of business will be very warm at the next session; but my lesson is so short (that of following my conscience) that I shall go through the storm without losing a wink of sleep.'

Contrast has a powerful effect in displaying beauty or deformity of character or of countenance. This is particularly seen in the characters of Steele and his wife, as they are developed in these volumes. The virtues as well as the vices of Steele seem to have had the exact opposites in the woman whom he so much admired; and by whom Swift said, and the letters prove, that he was ruled with a sort of arbitrary sway. Steele was more a stranger than we could wish to two virtues, economy and temperance, to the praise of which his consort may prefer a more indisputable claim. She was a thrifty manager; but her parsimony appears to have taken too much the direction of selfishness and avarice, or we should not so often hear of the children being in rags, or of the larder being destitute of meat, the cellar of drink, and the coal-house of fuel. But Steele had many great and generous qualities, which throw all his foibles far into the shade. His beneficence was not sufficiently circumscribed by prudential considerations; but it was the fruit of that amiable disposition, which despised all selfish regards. But money, money, appears to have been the constant theme of his wife; and among the *duns* by whom poor Steele was infested, it does not appear that his beloved PRUE was the least formidable or importunate. The mode by which she appears

to have converted the uxorious propensities of her husband into a source of finance, is, we suppose, not one of the most common schemes of financial supply among the sensitive housewifes of the day. Steele was an empassioned lover; but the grossness of the appetite appears to have been refined by sentiment; and the constancy of his attachment merits ample commendation. But his wife seems to have been either fond, or the contrary upon a principle of pecuniary calculation; and indeed she was a perfect adept in the art of domestic sway. Steele appears to have possessed that felicity of disposition which can furnish its own antidotes against the varied ills of life; but his *second self* was endued with a certain acerbity of temperament which infuses a double virus into the sting of every care. The cheerfulness of Steele could illumine the gloomy hour of misfortune and of indigence; but the habitually peevish temper of his wife was wont to darken even the sunshine of more fortunate circumstances. The letters prove her to have been perpetually dissatisfied, and to have been most pleased when she could make her spouse participate in her discontent. She knew and she practised the art of teasing with more than ordinary skill; and Steele was probably permitted to enjoy but little peace at home; and if we may judge from the details of the present correspondence, she often made no unsuccessful efforts to disturb his tranquillity abroad. Steele indeed was found occasionally to prove refractory to the imperious mandates of female sway; but it was not long before he was brought back again to *a right sense of his duty*; and made to apologize for his '*rebellion*.' The uxorious essayist never failed ultimately to be made a captive by his weak side, and to be ruled by the Dalilah whom he admired.

ART. VII.—*Poems (never before published) written chiefly at Bremhill, in Wiltshire, by the Rev. Wm. Lisle Bowles.* Vol. IV. Cadell, 1809, 12mo.

THERE was never yet a poet who had so little occasion to place his name in the title-page to a volume of his own compositions, as Mr. Bowles. Whoever has read one of his sonnets, is qualified to swear to the author of every thing that he has written. We blame him for nothing in the present volume so much as for the representation held out to his readers in the title of it. There is hardly a sentiment or an expression which it contains, that has not been three times published before, that is to say, once at the coming out of

each of his former volumes: not indeed in so many words—but the tone, the spirit, the *manner*, betray such strong marks of identity, that it requires a more than ordinary memory in the reader to distinguish the resemblance from a downright copy.

For example, we cannot undertake to affirm that Mr. Bowles, ever before saw "the Form of Time" precisely in the same posture as he now describes him—

> ' ——— his scythe's huge blade
> Lay swathed in the grass, whose gleam was seen
> Fearful, as oft the wind, the tussocks green
> Moved stirring to and fro: the beam of morn
> Cast a dim lustre on his look forlorn;
> When touching a responsive instrument,
> Stern o'er the chords his furrow'd brow he bent, &c.
> "*Old Time's Holiday*," *p.* 5.

And yet if these lines had been repeated to us before we ever saw this fourth volume of his poetry, we should have had no hesitation in believing that they were taken from one of Mr. Bowles' former publications, and were already familiar to our ears.

In like manner, old William Sommers, of Bremhill, though we certainly never heard of him before, appears with the air of an old familiar acquaintance:

> ' When will the grave shelter thy few grey hairs,
> O aged man? Thy sand is almost run,
> And many a year, in vain, to meet the sun,
> Thine eyes have roll'd in darkness: want and cares
> Have been thy visitants from morn to morn.
> While, trembling on existence thou dost live,
> Accept what human charity can give;
> But standing thus, time-palsied, and forlorn,
> Like a scathed oak, of all its boughs bereft,
> God and the grave are thy best refuge left.
> * * * * * * * *
> O blind and aged man, bow'd down with cares,
> When will the grave shelter thy few grey hairs?'

This is exactly what we should have expected Mr. Bowles to have written, not upon William Sommers, of Bremhill, in particular, but upon any other old man whom he had chanced to meet by the road side.

Even Theocritus, in Mr. Bowles' hands, seems to have transmigrated after death, and to have become the very incumbent of Bremhill himself.

'Goatherd, how sweet above the lucid spring,
The high pines wave with breezy murmuring!
So sweet thy song, whose music might succeed
To the wild melodies of Pan's own reed
More sweet thy pipe's enchanting melody,
Than streams that fall from broken rocks on high.
Say, by the nymphs that guard the sacred scene,
Where lowly tamarisks shade these hillocks green,
At noontide shall we lie?———

* * * *

No; for o'erwearied with the forest chase,
PAN, the great hunter-god, sleeps in this place!
Beneath the branching elm (while thy sad verse,
O Thyrsis, Daphnis' sorrows shall rehearse)
Fronting the wood-nymph's solitary seat,
Whose fountains flash amid the dark retreat;
Where the old statue leans, and brown oaks wave
Their ancient umbrage o'er the pastoral cave;
There will we rest, and thou, as erst, prolong
The sweet enchantment of the Doric song!'

Mr. Bowles has it, in common with Mr. Wordsworth and some other poets of the present day, to rouse the reader's attention by something wild or strange, or peculiar in thought or diction at the opening of a poem; but the trick, often repeated, is too well known to excite any expectation. At first, we ask the question, "How will this end?" with some feelings of curiosity; but when we find the constant answer to be, as in the case of Mr. Wordsworth, "In the lowest trifling," and in that of Mr. Bowles, "in air and vapour," we soon cease to feel the least interest, and run out of doors at the cry of the wolf no longer. The reader, who is not so well used to this custom as we have been, will perhaps be struck by something apparently solemn and awful in the introduction of the following poem; but if at the conclusion he asks himself "To what purpose was this grandeur and solemnity?" he will, we think, find reason enough in his answer to acquiesce in the truth of our observation. We will give the poem entire, as by no means an unfavourable specimen of the contents of the volume; and because it is not so long as to oblige us to mutilate it in quotation, by which we are sensible that a fair representation can seldom be given of the merits of poetry: we also prefer the piece, as first printed in the body of the book, to that, which Mr. Bowles styles *an improved* copy, which is added in the appendix; because we are far from agreeing with Mr. Bowles that his afterthoughts are by any means entitled to the appellation of im-

provements. And we would here beg leave to suggest to him, whether he has not in fact injured many of his pieces, more than he has benefited them, by too much refinement upon the finished copy?

'THE WINDS.

'When pale October bad the flowers adieu,
And Autumn sung amid the seaman's shrouds,
Methought I saw four winged forms, that flew,
With garments streaming light, amid the clouds;
From adverse regions of the sky,
In dim succession they went by:
The first, as o'er the billowy deep he past,
Blew from his shadowy trump a war-denouncing blast.

'Upon a *beaked** promontory high,
With streaming beard, and cloudy brow severe,
I marked the FATHER of the frowning year!
Dark vapours roll'd o'er the tempestuous sky,
When creeping winter from his cave came forth,
"Stern herald of the storm, WHAT FROM THE NORTH?"

"SHOUTS AND THE NOISE OF BATTLE!" and again
He blew from his dark trump a deadlier blast;
"SHOUTS, AND THE NOISE OF BATTLE!" the *long*† main
Seem'd with hoarse voice to answer as he past.
The moody South went by, and silence kept;
The cloudy rock half hid his mournful mien,
And frequent fell the shower, as if he wept
The eternal havoc of this mortal scene;
As if he wish'd for ever thus to throw
His misty mantle o'er a world of woe.

'But rousing him from his desponding trance,
Cold EURUS blew his sharp and *shrilling*‡ horn;
In his right hand he grasp'd an icy lance,
That far off glitter'd in the frost of morn;
The old man knew the clarion from afar,
"WHAT FROM THE EAST?" he cry'd. "SHOUTS, AND THE NOISE OF WAR."

'Who comes in soft and skiey vest,
From the mild region of the West?
An azure veil bends waving o'er his head,
And showers of violets at his feet are spread.
'Tis ZEPHYR, with a look as young and fair,
As when his lucid wings convey'd
That beautiful and gentle maid,

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* Query *peaked?* † Query *loud?* ‡ Query *thrilling?*

PSYCHE*, transported through the air,
The blissful couch of Love's own God to share.
He brings again the morn of May,
The lark, amid the clear blue sky,
Carols, but is not seen so high,
And all the howling winds fly far away!

' I cried, " O FATHER of the world, whose might,
" The storm, the darkness, and the winds obey,
" Oh, when will thus the long tempestuous night
" Of warfare and of woe be roll'd away!
" Oh, when will cease the uproar and the din,
" And peace breathe soft, ' Summer is coming in!"†

Our readers will observe, that of this poem much of the effect depends on the CAPITAL LETTERS with which it is so profusely garnished, and which we have taken all due care to preserve in our quotation. This, however, is by no means a new or unusual expedient with Mr. Bowles. Another which discovers, perhaps, greater artifice, and of which he has also been in frequent practice, is the substitution of surprising epithets to those which are natural, but therefore common and ill adapted for the purpose of rousing attention. It is of no consequence, in this view, whether the word be wholly unappropriate, or whether even it be expressly coined for the occasion. So, in the preceding extract, " *beaked* promontory," " *long* main," " *shrilling* horn," to which we have ventured to affix queries; not that we have any doubt of the poet's intentionally introducing them, (a doubt which, if we had entertained it, would be effectually removed by the repetition of the same words in the *improved* copy of the poem before-mentioned) but with an intent to shew by how slight a deviation it is possible to convert a natural and pleasing expression into one that is absolute conceit, or absolute nonsense.

We have compared Mr. Bowles, in one point of view, to a contemporary bard of no small celebrity; and it may perhaps be easy to remark some other features of resemblance between them. But, in the harmony of numbers, and the choice and abundance of poetical ornament, Mr. Bowles not only shews taste enough to disdain the low simplicity of Wordsworth, but may perhaps be permitted to excel most poets of the day. On the other hand, he seems in our opinion, to want a power of reflection and true feeling of na-

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* Alluding to the beautiful fable of Psyche, carried by Zephyr to be married to Cupid.

† " Sommer is commin inn." *Old Ballad.*

tural and moral objects, which we think the bard of the lakes has given evidence of possessing in a high degree, however he may have debased his innate genius by affectation, and perverted it by sickly sensibility.

The most considerable pieces in the present volume, are "Old Time's Holiday," (from the commencement of which we made our first quotation,) a species of allegory or vision, of which it is very difficult to comprehend the sense or object; "The Visionary Boy," another poem of the same description, but more intelligible; in which there are some imitations of Collins' Ode to the Passions, not altogether unsuccessful, though disfigured by conceits; "The Sylph of Summer," a poem in blank verse, "written" as the author informs us, "as part of a projected poem on the ELEMENTS, AIR, EARTH, FIRE, WATER." It contains some descriptions not unworthy of Thomson, but we wholly disapprove of the *Texts of Scripture*, with which it is interlarded, however fashionable may be the practice, and however suitable to this age of cant. The last poem worthy, from its magnitude, of particular notice, is "The Harp of Hoel," a tale of mingled sentiment and terror, but, we must add, of very little interest.

ART. VIII.—*Tales of Fashionable Life, by Miss Edgeworth, Author of Practical Education, Belinda, Castle Rackrent, Essay on Irish Bulls,* &c. 3 vols. 12mo. Johnson, 1809, *2d Edition.*

THE design and contents of these amusing volumes, cannot be better explained by us, than in the language of the author's venerable father, whose preface we shall therefore transcribe:

'My daughter asks me for a preface to the following volumes; from a pardonable weakness she calls upon me for parental protection; but, in fact, the public judges of every work, not from the sex, but from the merit of the author.

'What we feel, and see, and hear, and read, affects our conduct from the moment when we cease to think. It has, therefore, been my daughter's aim to promote, by all her writings, the progress of education, from the cradle to the grave.

'Miss Edgeworth's former works consist of tales for children—of stories for young men and women—and of tales suited to that great mass which does not move in the circles of fashion. The present volumes are intended to point out some of those errors to which the higher classes of society are exposed. All

the parts of this series of moral fictions, bear upon the faults and excellencies of different ages and classes; and they have all arisen from that view of society, which we have laid before the public in more didactic works of education. In the "*Parent's Assistant*," in "Moral" and in "Popular Tales," it was my daughter's aim to exemplify the principles contained in "Practical Education." In these volumes, and in others which are to follow, she endeavours to disseminate, in a familiar form, some of the ideas that are unfolded in "Essays on Professional Education."

'The first of these stories is called *Ennui*---The causes, curses, and cure of this disease are exemplified, I hope, in such a manner, as not to make the remedy worse than the disease. Thiebauld, tells us, that a prize essay was read to the academy of Berlin, which put all the judges to sleep. *Almeria*—gives a view of the consequences, which usually follow the substitution of the gifts of fortune in the place of merit; and it shews the meanness of those, who imitate manners, and haunt company, above their station in society. Difference of rank is a continual excitement to laudable emulation; but those, who consider the being admitted into circles of fashion as the summit of human bliss and elevation, will here find how grievously such frivolous ambition may be disappointed and chastised.

'*Madam de Fleury*---points out some of the means, which may be employed by the rich for the real advantage of the poor. This story shews, that sowing gold does not always produce a golden harvest; but that knowledge and virtue, when early implanted in the human breast, seldom fail to make ample returns of prudence and felicity. *The Dun*---is intended as a lesson against the common folly of believing, that a debtor is able, by a few cant phrases, to alter the nature of right and wrong; we had once intended to give these books the title of "Fashionable Tales," alas! the Dun could never have found favour with fashionable readers.

'*Manœuvring*---is a vice to which the little great have recourse, to shew their second-rate abilities. Intrigues of gallantry upon the continent frequently lead to political intrigue; amongst us, the attempts to introduce this *improvement* of our manners, have not yet been successful; but there are, however, some, who, in every thing they say or do, show a predilection for "left handed wisdom." It is hoped, that the picture here represented of a *manœuvrer*, has not been made alluring. I may be permitted to add a word on the respect, with which Miss Edgeworth treats the public---their former indulgence has not made her careless or presuming. The dates subjoined to each of these stories shew, that they have not been hastily intruded upon the reader.'

The first of these tales, which occupies the whole of the first volume, is incomparably the best in the collection, dis-

playing all that insight into human nature, and all that vivacity of sentiment and expression which we have, on many former occasions, admired and praised in its fair author. Her hero, who relates the history of his own life and opinions, is represented as heir to an immense estate, accumulated during a long minority, which he has passed in all the idleness and folly too often allowed to young heirs of fortune and family, by the interest or carelessness of their guardians. The habits of his youth grow up with his advancing years. Soon after coming of age, he has exhausted, or thinks he has exhausted, all the enjoyments of life. To repair the injuries done to his property by extravagance, indolence, and want of arrangement, he "chuses a wife by the numeration table;" this expedient, while it answers its immediate purpose, only serves to heighten his disease till it becomes insupportable, and he resolves to cut short the miseries of idleness by suicide. Some readers may think this feature a little caricatured, but those who do, know less of human nature than Miss Edgeworth, whose painting is, in this, only a copy of more than one original within the limits of our own observation. But, to proceed—an accident, which nearly deprives him of life, prevents him from executing his purpose, to deprive himself of it. The cause of this accident is his old Irish nurse, (a character of admirable truth and humour) who attends him with constant fidelity and watchfulness during a dangerous illness, the consequence of his adventure. On his recovery, he is informed that his lady has employed this interval of time in a different manner, and is about to elope with his toad-eater, Captain Crawley. Yielding to the impulses of his natural good disposition, he endeavours to reclaim her—but in vain. The fashionable catastrophe is completed, and followed by its usual consequence, a divorce. A little roused from his torpid lassitude by these transactions, Lord Glenthorn remembers a promise he had made during sickness, to his old nurse, and resolves on a visit to his estates in Ireland. In her account of this journey, the authoress of Castle-Rackrent finds herself, as may be expected, quite at home; for our own parts, we have hardly enjoyed any thing so much since we laughed with her at the extravagances of Sir Phelim and Sir Condy. For some time after his arrival at Glenthorn Castle, my lord's *Ennui* is a great deal disturbed, in spite of himself, by the strange diversity of manners and characters which he meets with in his new residence, and which he describes with so much humour and spirit, that the reader is sensible he must have felt and enjoyed it. The Irish characters are, indeed, most admirably sketched, but not more so

than that of M'Leod, the steward, a cold, calculating, honest, sturdy Scotchman. His old enemy, nevertheless, invades him again, and he with difficulty persuades himself to change the scene, by mixing in a fashionable group of visitants at the house of the dowager Lady Ormsby, one of his nearest neighbours. Here he becomes acquainted with a certain Lady Geraldine, a most delightful character, full of good sense, of exquisite feeling, of whim and of humour. He begins, even, to suffer ignorantly from the inroads of a passion, which all the world will admit to be a terrible enemy to Ennui; but when he has almost worked himself up to an avowal of his new-born sentiments, he discovers an attachment between Lady Geraldine and a very deserving young man, whose prospects both of fortune and marriage are blasted by the honesty and independence of his spirit. To the happiness of these lovers, Lord Glenthorn has the generosity to sacrifice, not only his love, but his ennui; and he actually *exerts himself* so powerfully and successfully in the service of Mr. Devereux, as to obtain for him a situation which enables him to possess the object of his wishes. Another great advantage attendant on Lord Glenthorn's visit at Ormsby Villa, is that, from the attentions both of Devereux and his mistress, who have penetration enough to discover and elicit the natural good sense which forms the basis of his character, he begins to think well of his own abilities, which is a great step towards the improvement of them.

The Ennui, which again begins to steal upon him after the marriage of Lady Geraldine, is shortly after diverted by circumstances which, whatever length of quotation they may lead us into, we cannot be so unjust as not to detail in Miss Edgeworth's own words.

'I remember to have heard, in some prologue to a tragedy, that the title of pity and of love, whilst it overwhelms, fertilizes the soul. That it may deposit the seeds of fertilization, I believe; but sometime must elapse before they germinate: on the first retiring of the tide, the prospect is barren and desolate. I was absolutely inert, and almost imbecile for a considerable time, after the extraordinary stimulus, by which I had been actuated, was withdrawn. I was in this state of apathy, when the rebellion broke out in Ireland; nor was I roused in the least by the first news of the disturbances; the intelligence, however, so much alarmed my English servants, that, with one accord, they left me; nothing could persuade them to remain longer in Ireland. The parting with my English gentleman affected my lethargic selfishness a little. His loss would have been grievous to such a helpless being as I was, had not his place been immediately supplied by that half-witted Irishman, Joe Kelly, who had ingra-

tiated himself with me by a mixture of drollery and simplicity, and by suffering himself to be continually my laughing stock, at the same time when, in imitation of Lady Geraldine, I thought it necessary to have a butt. I remember he first caught my notice by a strange answer to a very simple question. I asked, "What noise is that I hear?" "My lard," said he, "it is only the singing in my ears; I have had it these six months." This fellow, the son of a bricklayer, had originally been intended for a priest, and he went, as he told me, to the college of Maynooth, to study his *humanities*; but, unluckily, the charms of some Irish Heloise came between him and the altar. He lived in a cabin on love, till he was weary of his smoke-dried Heloise, and then thought it *convanient* to turn *sarving-man*, as he could play on the flute, and brush a coat remarkably well, which he *larned* at Maynooth, by brushing the coats of his superiors. Though he was willing to be laughed at, Joe Kelly could in his turn laugh; and he now ridiculed, without mercy, the pusillanimity of the English *Renegadoes*, as he called the servants who had just left my service. He assured me that, to his knowledge, there was no manner of danger, *except a man prefarred being afraid of his own shadow, which some did, rather than have nothing to talk of or enter into resolutions about, with some of the spirited men in the chair.*

'Unwilling to be disturbed, I readily believed all that lulled me into security. I would not be at the trouble of reading the public papers, and when they were read to me, I did not credit any paragraph that militated against my own opinion. Nothing could awaken me. I remember, one day lying yawning on my sofa, repeating to Mr. M'Leod, who endeavoured to open my eyes to the situation of the country, "Pshaw, my dear sir; there is no danger, be assured;---none at all---not at all. For mercy's sake, talk to me of something diverting, if you would keep me awake; time enough to think of these things, when they come nearer to us."

'Evils that were not immediately near me, had no power to affect my imagination. My tenantry had not yet been contaminated by the epidemic infection, which broke out soon after with such violence, as to threaten the total destruction of all civil order. I had lived in England---I was unacquainted with the causes and the progress of the disease, and I had no notion of my danger; all I knew was, that some houses had been robbed of arms, and that there was a set of desperate wretches called *defenders;* but I was *annoyed* only by the rout that was now made about them. Having been used to the regular course of justice, which prevailed in England, I was more shocked at the summary proceedings of my neighbours, than alarmed at the symptoms of insurrection. Whilst my mind was in this mood, I was provoked by the conduct of some of the violent party, which wounded my personal pride, and infringed upon my imagined consequence. My foster-brother's forge was searched for pikes, his house ran-

sacked, bed and *bellows*, as possible hiding places, were cut open; by accident, or from private malice, he received a shot in his arm, and, though not the slightest cause of suspicion could be found against him, the party left him with a broken arm, and the consolation of not being sent to jail as a defender. Without making any allowance for the peculiar circumstances of my country, my indignation was excited in the extreme, by the injury done to my foster-brother; his sufferings, the tears of his mother, the taunts of Mr. now Captain Hardcastle, and the opposition made by his party, called forth all the faculties of my mind and body. The poor fellow, who was the subject of this contest, shewed the best disposition imaginable; he was excessively grateful to me for interesting myself to *get* him justice; but as soon as he found that parties ran high against me, he earnestly dissuaded me from persisting. "Let it drop an't *plase* your honour; my lord, let it drop, and don't be making of yourself *inimies* for the likes of me. Sure, what signifies my arm, and, before the next assizes, shan't I be as well as ever, arm and all," continued he, trying to appear to move the arm without pain. "And there's the new bellows your honour has *give* me; it does my heart good to look at 'em, and it won't be long before I will be blowing them again as stout as ever; and so God bless your honour, my lord, and think no more about it—let it drop entirely, and don't be bringing yourself into trouble." "Ay, don't be bringing yourself into trouble, dear," added Elinor, who seem'd half-distracted between her feelings for her son, and her fears for me; "its a shame to think of the way they've treated Christy—but there's no help now, and its best not to be making bad worse: and so, as Christy says, let the thing drop, jewel, and don't be bringing yourself into trouble; you don't know the nature of them people, dear—you are *too innocent* for them entirely, and myself does not know the mischief they might do *yees*." "*True for ye*," pursued Christy; "I would n't for the best cow ever I see, that your honour ever larn't a sentence about me or my arm; and it is not for such as we to be minding every little accident—so God lend you long life, and don't be plaguing yourself to death; let it drop, and I'll sleep well the night, which I did not do the week, for thinking of all the trouble you got, and would get, God presarve ye." This generous fellow's eloquence produced an effect directly contrary to what was intended; both my feelings and my pride were now more warmly interested in his cause. I insisted upon his swearing examinations before Mr. M'Leod, who was a justice of the peace. Mr. M'Leod behaved with the utmost steadiness and impartiality; and in this trying moment, when "it was infamy to seem my friend," he defended my conduct calmly, but resolutely, in private and in public, and gave his unequivocal testimony, in few but decided words, in favour of my injured tenant. I should have respected Mr. M'Leod more, if I had not attributed this conduct to his desire of being returned for one of my

boroughs at the approaching election. He endeavoured, with persevering goodness, to convince me of the reality of the danger of the country. My eyes were, with much difficulty, forced open so far as to perceive, that it was necessary to take an active part in public affairs to vindicate my loyalty, and to do away the prejudices that were entertained against me; nor did my incredulity, as to the magnitude of the peril, prevent me from making exertions essential to the defence of my own character, if not to that of the nation. How few act from purely patriotic and rational motives! At all events, I acted, and acted with energy; and certainly, at this period of my life, I felt no ennui. Party-spirit is an effectual cure for ennui; and, perhaps, it is for this reason, that so many are addicted to its intemperance. All my passions were roused, and my mind and body kept in continual activity. I was either galloping, or haranguing, or pacing, or hoping, or fighting, and so long as it was said that I could not sleep in my bed, I slept remarkably well, and never had so good an appetite as when I was in hourly danger of having nothing to eat. *The rebels were up, and the rebels were down*, and Lord Glenthorn's spirited conduct in the chair, and indefatigable exertions in the field, were the theme of daily eulogium among my convivial companions, and immediate dependants. But, unfortunately, my sudden activity gained me no credit amongst the violent party of my neighbours, who persisted in their suspicions; and my reputation was now still more injured by the alternate charge of being a trimmer, or a traitor. Nay, I was further exposed to another danger, of which, from my ignorance of the country, I could not possibly be aware. The disaffected themselves, as I afterwards found, really believed that, as I had not begun by persecuting the poor, I must be a favourer of the rebels; and all that I did to bring the guilty to justice, they thought was only to give a colour to the thing, till the proper moment should come for my declaring myself. Of this absurd and perverse mode of judging, I had not the slightest conception; and I only laughed when it was hinted to me. My treating the matter so lightly confirmed suspicion on both sides. At this time all objects were so magnified and distorted by the mist of prejudice, that no inexperienced eye could judge of their real proportions; neither party could believe the simple truth, that my hardiness to act arose from the habitual inertia of my mind and body.

Whilst prepossessions were thus strong, the time, the important time, in Ireland the most important season of the year, the assizes, arrived. My foster-brother's cause, or as it was now generally called, Lord Glenthorn's cause, came on to be tried. I spared no expense, I spared no exertions: I feed the ablest counsel; and, not content with leaving them to be instructed by my attorney, I explained the affair to them myself with indefatigable zeal. One of the lawyers, whom I had seen, or by whom I had been seen, in my former inert state of existence, at some water-

ing-place in England, could not refrain from expressing his astonishment at my change of character: he could scarcely believe that I was the same Lord Glenthorn, of whose indolence and ennui he had formerly heard and seen so much.....Alas! all my activity, all my energy, on the present occasion, proved ineffectual. After a dreadful quantity of false swearing, the jury professed themselves satisfied; and, without retiring from the box, acquitted the persons who had assaulted my foster-brother. The mortification of this legal defeat was not all that I had to endure; the victorious party mobbed me, as I passed sometime afterwards through a neighbouring town, where Captain Hardcastle and his friends had been carousing. I was hooted, and pelted, and narrowly escaped with life. I, who but a few months ago, had imagined myself possessed of nearly despotic power; but opinions had changed, and, on opinion, almost all power is founded. No individual, unless he possesses uncommon eloquence, joined to personal intrepidity, can withstand the combination of numbers and the force of prejudice.

'Such was the result of my first public exertions! yet I was now happier and better satisfied with myself than I had ever been before. I was not only conscious of having acted in a manly and generous manner; but the alarms of the rebels, and of the French, and of the loyalists; and the parading, and the galloping, and the quarrelling, and the continual agitation in which I was kept, whilst my character and life were at stake, relieved me effectually from the intolerable burden of ennui.'

'*Unfortunately for me,*' says Lord Glenthorn after this relation, 'the rebellion in Ireland was soon quelled'—*Ennui* resumes her empire. A second visit at Ormsby villa does any thing rather than dissipate it, as may be evident from the humorous account which he gives of a party formed for his entertainment to visit the lakes of Killarney.

'I was assured, however, by Lady Ormsby, that I could not help being enchanted with the lake of Killarney. The party was arranged by this lady, who, having the preceding summer seen me captivated by Lady Geraldine, and pitying my disappointment, had formed the obliging design of restoring my spirits and marrying me to one of her near relations. She calculated, that, as I had been charmed by Lady Geraldine's vivacity, I must be enchanted with the fine spirits of Lady Jocunda Lawler. So far were the thoughts of marriage from my imagination, I only was sorry to find a young lady smuggled into our party, because I was afraid she would be troublesome: but I resolved to be quite passive upon all occasions where attentions to the fair sex are sometimes expected. My arm, or my hand, or my assistance in any manner, I was determined not to offer, the lounging indifference, which some fashionable young men affect towards ladies, I really felt; and besides nobody minds unmar-

ried ladies, this fashion was most convenient to my indolence. In my state of torpor I was not, however, long left in peace. Lady Jocunda was a high-bred romp, who made it a rule to say and do what she pleased. In a hundred different ways I was called upon to admire her charming spirits. I hated to be called upon to admire any thing. The rattling voice, loud laughter, flippant wit, and hoiden gaiety of Lady Jocunda, disgusted me beyond expression. A thousand times on the journey I wished myself quietly asleep in my own castle. Arrived at Killarney, such blowing of horns, such boating, such seeing of prospects, such prosing of guides, all telling us what to admire; then such exclamations, and such clambering, I was walked and talked till I was half dead. I wished the rocks, and the hanging woods, and the glens, and the water-falls, and the myrtles, and the upper and lower lakes, and the islands of Mucruss, and Mucruss abbey; and the purple mountain, and the eagle's nest, and the grand Turk, and the lights and the shades, and the echoes, and above all, the Lady Jocunda, fairly at the devil. A nobleman in the neighbourhood had the politeness to invite us to see a stag-hunt upon the water. The account of this diversion, which I had met with in my guide to the lakes*, promised well, I consented to stay another day: that day I really was revived by this spectacle, for it was new. The sublime and the beautiful had no charms for me: novelty is the only power that could waken me from my lethargy; perhaps there was in this spectacle something more than novelty. The Romans had recourse to shows of

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'* The stag is roused from the woods that skirt the Glenaa mountain, in which there are many of these animals that run wild; the bottoms and sides of the mountains are covered with woods, and the declivities are so long and steep, that no horse could either make his way to the bottom, or climb these impracticable hills, it is impossible to follow the hunt either by land or on horse-back. The spectator enjoys the diversion on the lake, where the cry of hounds, the harmony of the horn, resounding from the hills on every side, the universal shouts of joy along the valleys and mountains, which are often lined with foot people, who come in vast numbers to partake and assist at the diversion, re-echo from hill to hill, and give the highest glee and satisfaction, that the imagination can conceive possible to arise from the chase; and perhaps can no where be enjoyed with that spirit and sublime elevation of soul, that a thorough-bred sportsman feels at a stag-hunt at Killarney. There is, however, one imminent danger which awaits him, that in his raptures and extasies he may forget himself, and jump out of the boat: when hotly pursued and weary with the constant difficulty of making his way with his ramified antlers through the woods, the stag, terrified by the cry of his open-mouthed pursuers, almost at his heels, now looks towards the lake as his last resource—then pauses and looks upwards; but the hills are insurmountable, and the woods refuse to shelter him: the hounds roar with redoubled fury at the sight of their victim—he plunges into the lake. He escapes but for a few minutes from one merciless enemy to fall into the hands of another: the shouting boatmen surround their victim, throw cords round his majestic antlers—he is haltered and dragged to shore; while the big tears roll down his face, and his heaving sides and panting flanks speak his agonies; the keen-searching knife drinks his blood, and savages exult at his expiring groan.'

wild beasts and gladiators to relieve their ennui. At all events, I was kept awake this whole morning, though I cannot say that *I felt in such extasies as to be in any imminent danger of jumping out of the boat.* Of our journey back to Killarney, I remember nothing but my being discomfited by Lady Jocunda's practical jests and overpowering gaiety. When she addressed herself to me, my answers were as constrained and concise as possible; and as I was afterwards told, I seemed at the close of my reply to each interrogative of her Lady-ship's, to answer with Oden's prophetess, *"Now my weary lips I close, leave me, leave me, to repose:"* This she never did till we parted, and at that moment I believe my satisfaction appeared so visible, that Lady Ormsby gave up all hopes of me. Arrived at my own castle, I threw myself on my bed, quite exhausted. I took three hours additional sleep every day for a week, to recruit my strength, and rest my nerves, after all that I had been made to suffer by this young lady's prodigious animal spirits.'

The story now draws towards its denouement. Lord Glenthorn is advertised by an anonymous letter, of a design against his life, formed by a gang of united Irishmen; and, on enquiry, discovers that his valet, Joe Kelly, is one of the number. With admirable invention and presence of mind, and great personal courage, he contrives the means to take the traitors in their own snare. Among the rest (in consequence of a mistake, as is afterwards found) Owen, one of my Lord's foster-brothers, and son to his nurse Elinor, is apprehended. The poor mother, in an agony of tears and lamentation, implores Lord Glenthorn to commit the criminal act of conniving at his escape. He resists her entreaties with great difficulty, but positively.

'It is impossible: my good Elinor, urge me no farther: ask any thing else, and it shall be granted, but this is impossible.' As I spoke, I endeavoured to raise her from the ground; but, with the sudden force of angry despair, she resisted. 'No, you shall not raise me,' cried she. 'Here let me lie, and break my heart with your cruelty!—'Tis a judgment upon me—it's a judgment, and its fit I should feel it as I do. But you shall feel it too, in spite of your hard heart: yes, your heart is harder than the marble: you want the natural touch, you do: for your mother has knelt at your feet, and you have denied her prayer.' 'My mother!' 'and what was her prayer?' 'To save the life of your brother.'

The truth is come out. Lord Glenthorn is *the son* of his nurse, who imposed on his reputed parents, by substituting him for the real infant committed to her care. The *real* infant was no other than the blacksmith Christy, mentioned

in one of the preceding extracts. This discovery rouses the truly noble nature of the suppositious lord: he makes restitution to the rightful heir, who, with true Irish gratitude and openness, would fain refuse, but can prevail upon his sense of justice no farther than to make him accept an annuity of 300*l.* out of his former estates. With this provision, he leaves Glenthorn castle, with a resolution to make his fortune by generous exertion. He repairs to London, enters of an inn at court, pursues his legal studies with unremitted earnestness, is called to the bar, returns to Ireland, and there very shortly distinguishes himself most honourably in his new profession. By *great good luck*, Miss Delamere, the next heir to the Glenthorn estates, should *Christy* die without issue, is niece to Lord Y ————, the venerable friend and patron of our young lawyer. She is a lady possessed of every accomplishment which can render the marriage-state happy. Need we say more? She discovers equal accomplishments in the counsellor, and in process of time, the consent of her guardian, Lord Y. seals their union. Christy dies in a very few years, the victim of intemperance; and our hero again becomes the master of Glenthorn, without any of the ennui which had hitherto attached to the title.

The other tales, especially the three short ones contained in the second volume, we think of inferior merit to the first. However, 'manœuvring,' the subject of the third volume possesses many admirable traits of character and manners. The length of quotation, in which we indulged ourselves, from our favourite story, prevents us from saying any more concerning the others, than, that it is impossible for Miss Edgeworth to write what it does not afford us high pleasure to read.

ART. IX. *Marmion Travestied, a Tale of Modern Times. By Peter Pry, Esq. London* 1809. Tegg, 8*vo. pp.* 277. Demy 9*s.* Royal 12*s.*

THE art of travesty or parody is one of very ancient date. Athenæus in his Deipnosophists*, says, that it was invented by Hipponax; that it was much used by Epicharmus, by Cratinus and by Hegemon of Thasus. Athenæus also mentions Eubœus of Paros among the celebrated writers of parodies; and in his fourth book, p. 134, he has preserved what he calls an elegant account of an Athenian sup-

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* Lib. XV. p. 698. Ed. Casaub. 1597.

per, in which the author, Matron, has travestied some of the verses of Homer. It begins,

Δειπνα μοι ενεπε μουσα πολυτροφα, και μαλα πολλα
Α Ξενοκλης ζητων ες Αθηνας δειπνισεν ημας.

Aristophanes has travestied many verses in the works of the Græcian tragedians.

H. Stephens composed a particular treatise on the parodies of the antients, which was published in 1575. J. C. Scaliger has discussed the same subject in the first book of his Poeticks. In the 7th volume of the memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions, we have an essay on the origin and character of parody. Domairon has expatiated on this topic in the second volume of his *Princ. des Belles Lettres.* Par. 1785, and the curious reader may consult Fabricii Bibliothec. Græc. lib. II. c. 7. § 2. The Italians have some works of travesty, particularly the Æneid by Lalli, which made its appearance at Rome in 1615. But the practice has been more prevalent in France, where it seems better to accord with the frivolous genius of the people. Scarron travestied the Æneid in 1648, and many poets, both of antient and modern times, have shared the same fate. Even the tragedies of Racine have not escaped the profanation of the *travestying* muse; for in 1667 his *Andromache* was parodied under the title of *La folle querelle.* Sa *Mem. Histor. sur la Chanson,* in the 1st vol. of the Anthol Franc. The once far-famed play of the *Rehearsal,* which gave rise to the *Critic* of Mr. Sheridan, may be reckoned among the happy efforts of the English, in travesty or parody. The Æneid has been travestied by Cotton, and Homer has been *sufficiently burlesqued.* The object of travesty is to produce an agreeable contrast to the work which is travestied. Thus a grave and serious poem may be most successfully travestied into an airy and a gay; and the solemn dignity of the epopee may be rendered infinitely ludicrous by a lively and humorous parody. But as the tendency of travesty is to make what is great little, what is stately and magnificent vulgar and mean, to deform what is beautiful and often to compose a sort of heterogeneous mass of ridiculous absurdities, we cannot in general commend the usefulness or morality of the attempt. There are indeed some occasions in which it may be advantageously employed. It may be applied to exhibit in a striking light the false taste of an extravagant and inflated style, to expose monstrous absurdities and puerile conceit.

Whether the Marmion of Mr. Walter Scott be a poem which offered a proper subject for travesty, we shall leave it

to our readers to determine; but whatever may be the poetical merit of Mr. S. he has certainly no reason to complain of an indignity which had been previously offered both to Homer and to Virgil. The story which is here exhibited in the *contrast of resemblance* to that of Marmion, is no less than the well known history of Mrs. C——ke and a certain gallant duke, which lately engrossed so much of the public attention. The travesty is composed in the same stanza as the grand epic ballad of Mr. Scott. It is contained in six cantos, to which are prefixed six introductions: to Sir F—S B—RD—TT; to R—D S—N, Esq.; to Major H—NG—R; to Sir D—D D—ND—S; to the RT. Hon. S—R P—L; to Lord ELL—OUGH.

The first canto is entitled 'GLOUCESTER PALACE;' and opens in the following manner, when the Marmion of the piece, P—E F—C, makes his first appearance, in a style, well worthy the chivalry of modern love:

'Night threw her veil o'er Cupid's seat,
Fam'd Gloucester-Palace---love's retreat,
And Portman's-Square so green;
Now Paddington and Dorset-Street
(The brothels where both sexes meet,)
And tumble beds, all soft and sweet,
In darkness lie unseen;
The watchmen, at Aurora's peep,
Drawling, "Past four," while half asleep,
Like lazy sluggards yawn;
Their lanterns to each door they raise
Which, with a farthing rush-light blaze,
Reflect the morning's dawn.

'In microscopic view, the trees
Ascend expanding by degrees
Their foliage more and more.
The matin light afforded means,
Of thus disclosing all those scenes,
Which were obscured before.
The servants from their chambers start,
They quick prepare each room;
And taking now an active part,
To show his skill and wond'rous art;
The porter with his broom
Sweeps out the passage and anon,
Hums, *Molly put the kettle on.*

'The chamber bell he ringing hears,
He looks around, and soon appears
One of his lady's dearest *dears*,
Just risen out of bed.——

A soldier-lover too, I wist,
Who held a paper which he kiss'd;
Then of *promotion a long list*
With great attention read:
But having stoop'd, he unawares
From hinder part, upon the stairs,
A trumpet loudly blew;
The porter being rous'd withal,
Now warn'd his lady in the hall:
For well the *blast* he knew;
Then quickly did that lady call,
The house-maid, cook, and servants all:

'Get ready breakfast, let me see
Some toast that's nice and brown;
Some new laid eggs prepare for me,
Plump and spermatic let them be,
The chariot bring, with ease and glee,
'Tis fit that we leave town;
Let Carter wait, and thrum on flute,
The Yorkshire-march a fit salute,
For lovey coming down.
In their obedience so precise,
Sped two maid-servants neat:
The cloth was laid now in a trice,
Eggs brought by Mary-Ann's advice,
And toast that was both brown and nice
The breakfast made complete.

'Along the hall P——e F——c trod,
Appearing like a demi-god;
Loose did his morning wrapper flow;
Well, by his visage, you might know
He was a lover smart and keen,
And had in many a chamber been;
The smile upon his face express'd
That Cupid triumph'd in his breast,
His looks of love and eye of fire
Betokened amorous desire;
But prudence still his actions sway'd,
He kiss'd—but then he never paid.
His breeches, evermore were bare,
In vain they're ransack'd by the fair;
No cash, nor even notes are there;
Perhaps nor ever since—
His empty pockets, always scant,
Show'd he was not extravagant,
But, in the night, a gay gallant,
At day, a prudent P——e.

'Quite smart was he from top to toe,
In looks, and dress a modern beau—

And his white hand, which oft he laid
Upon his throbbing heart display'd
A diamond ring—where, full of art,
A Cupid play'd a wanton part,
With bow prepar'd, and piercing dart.
E'en such a Cupid—who, to win
Compassion, cries *Pray let me in.*
The gay device, too, bore above
These words—" THE ALL OF LIFE IS LOVE."
White was the wrapper he did wear,
White ribbons deck'd it here and there;
The waistcoat, lovely to behold,
Was satin white, and trimm'd with gold.'

The liveried retinue of Mrs. C—ke, and the homage which was paid to the prince on his arrival at 'Gloucester seat,' are thus described:

'A train of servants too there were,
All in rich liveries clad;
And every man-cook that was there
Each day a guinea had.
To welcome this their royal guest,
The maids were ready found;
For when the Prince the mansion blest
He spread good humour round:
" Welcome, brave Prince, to Glo'ster-seat,
Stout heart and open hand!
Well dost thou please our mistress sweet,
Thou flower of English land!'

The breakfast table is set out in great style, and P—e F—c is

'—— plac'd erect in grandest chair,
The ladies at each side:
Caress'd he was by all the fair,
And Mrs. C——e thus cried,
" Dear Mrs. F——y, I beg
You'll hand the toast about
And give my dearest man an egg,
I wish him to get stout:
For he is kind, there's none more so,
The kindest e'er I saw;
And this to prove, you all must know
The case of Major Sh—we:
By my solicitation, he
Did his request obtain;
Five hundred pounds were due to me,
For which I ask'd in vain.
But when I told my sweet of this,
His love he did display;

For he that acted so amiss,
Was put upon half-pay.
Go Mrs. F—v—y, request,
And tell the cook I'll have
That little pig for dinner drest,
Which Colonel S—nd—n gave."

'The toast was handed by the maid,
The golden egg-cups brought,
And on the table too, she laid
Some napkins, as she ought.
The mistress now began t'entreat,
That he would nothing spare,
But that his breakfast he would eat,
As if he lik'd his fare.
Now Sam came with his flute, and soon
He play'd thereon a fav'rite tune.

"Ah! sure a pair were never seen,
So justly form'd to meet by nature;
The youth excelling so in men,
The fair in every grace and feature!
Oh! how happy to inherit
At once such beauty and such merit;
For surely she
Was made for thee,
And thou to bless this lovely creature."

After the Marmion of the 19th century had been thus regaled with toast and eggs, with tea and music, Mrs. C—ke thinking that her lover was put into good humour by this varied treat, gives him a recital of her expences and her debts, and concludes,

"For thee my passion has no bounds,
As every one may learn;
Pray let me have a thousand pounds"—
The prince's brow grew stern.'

A little irritation now ensues; Mrs. C—ke takes the duke under the arm, and 'chuck'd his chin the while', when she rallies him upon his excessive fondness for the duchess, and he in his turn makes an arch allusion to Mr. D—wl—r.

'For Mary Ann
Was said to love this gentleman.'

But Mary Ann was not to be vanquished in the war of words, and her luminous rejoinders soon dispel the lowering shades from the D—'s visage, who says with infinite complacency,

'Nay, though this William you approve,
I am not jealous, no my love;
So far from that, my dear, I'll make
Him commissariat for your sake.'

Some trusty friend was to be appointed to go to Mr. D—wl—r, to 'tell him what he needs must do;' to

'Hint what in *public* he should say,
And what in *private* he should pay.'

After much hesitation, Mrs. F—v—ry suggests that the proper person to employ on this delicate business is a

'Doctor of great fame,
Who has an O before his name.

'A *wou'd-be* father he in God!—
For to a *mitre* he laid claim
A bishoprick was all his aim,
And which he would have had, we know,
But *crooked* letter tho' so *round!*
Because it had an Irish sound,
He lost it through his name with O
Then I advise you, let him see
'Twere best begin his name with P.
Pliant in pimping like an osier,
He thus may yet obtain the crosier.'

The doctor himself soon after shews his solemn face, and makes a very reverend appearance.

'In a new suit too, was he clad
Of black, and a large wig he had,
Which cover'd all his pate;
His looks did not his heart betray,
For he endeavour'd to display
A countenance sedate.
His hat was cock'd en clerical,
And fitted to a miracle;
A head, whose rotund form belied
The temperance of churchman's pride.
The cravat round his neck he wore,
Was tied with wond'rous art before;
In short his *tout ensemble* prov'd,
That what was good, he dearly lov'd.'

The subject of canto II. is Miss Taylor's boarding-school at Chelsea; which is depicted with all the minute particularity of the Dutch school; and with as much nicety of detail as Mr. Walter Scott would display in pourtraying the costume, the armour, the habiliments, and heraldry of yore. The

scene opens with the Miss T—rs and their young ladies proceeding in a boat,

> ' From Westminster's cloister'd pile
> Making for Chelsea all the while.'

The miniature-painting of Peter Pindar, as well as of Walter Scott, is well preserved in the following:

> ' 'Twas droll to see these little fools,
> Free now from school. from rigid rules
> Like birds let loose from cage.
> How many and how curious too,
> For all to them was strange and new,
> And all the common sights they view
> Their wonderment engage.
> One ey'd the boat and all therein,
> With many a remark most shrewd;
> One at the waterman did grin,
> As he tobacco chew'd.
> Then laugh'd out loud---a hearty roar,
> If water thrown up by the oar;
> Herself or neighbour dew'd;
> And one her tippet now would close,
> For fear the breeze might aught expose;
> Perhaps the waterman's rude eye,
> Her pretty little breast might spy,
> Perhaps, because the action grac'd
> Her fair turn'd arm and pretty waist.---
> Light was each bosom---without care
> Save two, who ill might pleasure share
> The mistress and the teacher there.'

The two Miss T—l—rs are then depicted with great apparent minuteness of resemblance. Next follows the boarding school, which is thus hung up to view in the page of Mr. Peter Pry:

> ' The Boarding School was neat and plain,
> And but four rooms did it contain;
> Some tester beds were here and there,
> Arrang'd along the garret, where
> The little ones repos'd;
> The room for school, altho' but small,
> Was still the largest of them all
> As may be well suppos'd.
> Upon the wainscot was display'd
> The needle work of ev'ry maid;
> And some, which carefully were framed
> Attention very justly claimed;
> The subjects various; some, I wot,
> From Thompson's Seasons had been got;

Others from Scripture---for, behold!
Susannah with the Elders bold,
And Moses in a bush on fire,
And Isaac kneeling 'fore his sire.
In every corner on the ground,
A *Dyke* or *Entick* might be found,
For young beginners, there's no doubt,
Oft throw their spelling books about.
Some toys on every seat were left
And dolls, of hands or legs bereft;
Yet still the school unrivall'd stood,
For every girl was good.'

The coal-hole belonging to this seminary of education was called the 'Place of Penitence,' where the young ladies were confined who offended against the rigid discipline of the school. Into this dark hole, which

'Was visited by rats,
A place of courtship eke for cats;'

the tender passion impelled the adventurous Mr. Sam C—r to force his way, in order to obtain a stolen interview with one of Miss T—r's pupils, of whom the author says that,

'Naughty on purpose was this fair,
And order'd to be lock'd up there.'

But the fond pair are unhappily discovered by the vigilance of the governess; and Mr. Sam C—r, who makes a very eloquent attempt to exculpate himself, is sent away, while Miss was ordered up stairs to undergo the punishment which certain great doctors still think an essential ingredient in the process of intellectual instruction.

In the third canto we find prince F—c at the Castle inn, at Brighton, where, in a public company at supper, a stranger fixes on the duke his 'austere, forbidding phiz,' which almost petrifies the company. But squire G—w—d, endeavours to dispel the sensations of gloom by a song, the tendency of which is to teach the duke to

'Forget Mrs. C—e,
For Mrs. C—y;'

'Then no longer repair
To the vain Mary;
There are others as fair,
Yes Mrs. C—y.'

The duke begins to feel some pangs of regret, or some sensations of apprehension on account of his connection with Mrs.

C—e, and for the traffic in which he is supposed to have permitted her to engage. The landlord tells a story in point about a publican. Prince F—c retires with his friend to drink 'one bottle more' in a private room:

'Uninterrupted there to be
Where they might argue and be free,
And talk now all those subjects o'er
Which they had touch'd upon before,
'Bout Mrs. C—y, Mrs. C—e,
Without a stranger's rude remark.'

Prince F—c now gives his friends this sage piece of advice:

'Take care, my worthy friends, take care,
For now I know the danger well,---
Ne'er to confide in any fair,
For tho' they fondle, vow and swear,
Yet they may secrets tell.
My word and honor here I give,
If I with Mrs. C——y live,
I'll not be wheedled and cajol'd,
Nor shall she my concerns be told;
For love should be a private scene
And not with business intervene.
Oh, shame! they're fools---if fools there be
Who are too credulous and free;
Who listen when a lady speaks,
And gives her every thing she seeks.'
'This said, he the postilion sought,
And left the inn as quick as thought.'

The fourth canto is entitled the 'War Office;' in which Mr. A— is sent to Mrs. C—e, whom he treats with very little ceremony; but Mary Anne says,

'Kind *Northern* sir, you need not chide;
But spite of all you think or say,
A man should for his kisses pay;
So tell my *loving, faithful dear,*
FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS I ask a year.'

Squire G—w—d warmly advocates the cause of Mrs. C—y. The '*Ambassador of Morocco*' makes his appearance, and relates the story of the Hampstead Baker. Prince F—c sets out to pay his dutiful respects at Windsor; 'where he had not been for many a day.'

In the fifth canto, Prince F—c, after reviewing the soldiers in Hyde park, proceeds to the house of squire G—d, where

'Refreshment's brought and good old wine.'

We next find the hero of the piece following his trusty squire to the house of Mrs. C—y, who plays upon the harp a song called 'the Bishop.' F—c cannot resist the lure which is thrown out for him, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Sir D—d, who says,

'No longer to a mistress trust,
They're all deceitful and unjust.'

From the revels at Mrs. C—y's the author passes to poor Mary Ann, who now forsaken and forlorn, reveals her secrets to the stranger, whose appearance had made such a strong impression on the P— at the Castle inn. The stranger who now takes the name of GWYLLYM LLOYD, brings the business forward in parliament, and the investigation as well as the result are described with less humorous effect than some of the preceding parts. The sixth and last canto is entitled the CONTEST. Here Mr. Gwyllym Ll—yd appears the dupe of Mary Ann and of Mr. W—ght, the upholsterer. This adventure is succeeded by a speech of the colonel on public economy. Mrs. C—e now commences her memoirs. When they are finished she proceeds to a celebrated publisher with the MSS. The interview with Sir R—d Ph—ps is then described.

The work is advertised; F—c is enraged, confounded, and alarmed. A council is held. Promises and threats are alternately employed to suppress the publication.

'And where's Sir R——d Ph—ll—ps now?
At dinner! with his wife, I trow—
Eating fruit pies—his usual treat,
The which his lady makes so sweet—
It was for this he took her hand
As biographers understand,
And married her in haste.
He never touches butcher's meat—
Can only vegetables eat
And lady P——p's paste.
Though at a lord-mayor's dinner, he
With savory dishes ne'er made free—
For those he must not taste—
He from the meeting now kept clear,
Nor saw he Mrs. C——e for fear
Her counsellor he might appear;
For tho' the contest he began
By thus advising Mary Ann,
Still he'd be thought no party man:
A friend to both sides did he seem
In hopes of all to win th'esteem;

And yet, in fact, his only care
Was to befriend th' unhappy fair.'

P—— F——c and his sage counsellors are at last brought to comply with the exactions of Mrs. C—e; the agreement is signed, and a bon-fire is made of the two volumes, which

'Produc'd some game,
And made a lady of the dame.'

'A bottle now P—— F——c took
When told the *finis* of the book---
Is every morsel burn'd? he cried,
Then all my fears may now subside.'

The P——, concludes by invoking sweet vengeance on the head of W——le.---Part of this vengeance has been already executed for the P——e, by Mr. W——ht, the upholsterer, and the author closes his work with some pertinent remarks on the indiscretion of the Colonel in attacking the veracity of Mrs. C——e.

Of this performance the two first cantos are executed with most humour and sprightliness; but the whole is rendered so far interesting and diverting, that it will probably induce most persons who take it up to read it through.

ART. X.—*The History of Canine Madness and Hydrophobia: with the Methods of Treatment, Ancient and Modern. By George Lipscomb, M. D. &c. &c. &c.* 8vo. Budd, 1809.

THE object of this volume we presume to be, to inform that portion of the public who please to peruse it, or at least to read the title-page, that the *ci-devant* Mr. Lipscomb, the strenuous anti-vaccinist and coadjutor of the respectable phalanx of Moseley, Birch, &c. is elevated to the title of George Lipscomb, M. D. Most undoubtedly, if quoting an abundance of medical works, and speaking in a dictatorial tone of the most ridiculous self-importance, entitle a man to professional elevation, *Doctor* Lipscomb amply merits his new-blown honours. We must confess, also, that the doctor's style is copious, florid, and unembarrassed; he has words at will, and those well marshalled, and both in sound and signification sufficiently commanding. But further than this we cannot go. A more meagre production as to facts, or one more destitute of originality as to doctrines or opinions, it has seldom fallen to our lot to meet with.

That we may not be accused of precipitation, we will leap at once to the last chapter of the book, containing "The Author's practice." In this we are presented with the very *novel* advice, that a bitten part should be immediately destroyed, either by the knife or the caustic; nor should the operator

'Desist, until he has completely destroyed the organization of the bitten part, and the surfaces which the poison has touched. Destruction is the object in view, and until it has been fully accomplished, *nothing* is done.'

The advice is excellent certainly, and we have extracted it to give it more currency, if possible, than it already possesses. But as it is already in the mouth of every surgeon, what a strange *cacoethes scribendi* must possess the man who thinks it right to preface it by a book!

However, this is not all that we are taught by the "Author's own Practice."

'Lest,' he goes on to tell us, 'any particle of the virus should have been absorbed, mercurial ointment by friction in such a manner as to penetrate into, and *completely pervade* the lymphatic system, should also be used. For this purpose, inunction performed boldly and copiously, will be found most effectual. It is totally useless to employ the ointment in the accustomed manner, in very small quantities, at distant intervals.'

In a word, the patient is to be salivated with all speed, to *prevent* the access of hydrophobia. But what facts or what analogies are there to support such a practice? It does not seem certain that even syphilitic symptoms can be prevented by a mercurial course, though commonly it is an absolute specific for the disease. Mercury has been said, in the language of Mr. Hunter, to cure the action, but to have no effect on the disposition; which is saying, in plain language, that it is no preventive. Nor has any one of the numerous morbid poisons, which infect the present established and diseased race of men, any preventive antidote. We do not know that any, but the syphilitic poison, admits of any remedy even after the actions of disease have commenced. They all go through their course, and, if the patient survives, the diseased actions gradually cease, and health is restored. But the hydrophobic poison has hitherto, in spite of the boastful pretensions of Charlatans, regular or irregular, proved uniformly fatal: nor have we a tittle of evidence, that even a mercurial course can prevent the access of the symptoms, more than the exploded sea-bathing, or the inert placebo, called the Ormskirk medicine. We regard therefore this specimen of

"the Author's own Practice," not merely as nugatory, but as mischievous; as subjecting the sufferer to what may be termed a most severe disease, to answer no good purpose whatever.

The practice, to which the unfortunate patient is to submit, when the disease has appeared, is the very same, as the pretended preventive method. He is to be salivated with all speed. Luckily for the poor distressed object, death so speedily comes to his relief, that all the activity of his doctors can add very little to his sufferings. But nothing can rest on a more feeble foundation than this pretended anti-hydrophobic power of mercury. It has been tried so often, and has so often failed, that it requires no ordinary powers of face to uphold its power. If any thing can tend to confirm us in our incredulity, it is to find its efficacy maintained by such advocates as Dr. Moseley, and *Doctor* Lipscomb.

Many persons, the *doctor* asserts, have come under his care; and it was originally his

'Intention to have inserted a list of patients, in whom either the symptoms of rabies itself, or of the venom being absorbed, have afforded the strongest conviction of the efficacy of the practice inculcated; but delicacy forbade it. Scepticism, either real or pretended, has too often prompted to personal enquiries, highly indecorous and distressing. I will not, therefore, expose the feelings of any one to the curiosity of the indelicate or impertinent.'

Amiable and considerate sensibility! But we should have thought that the author's patriotic feelings might have overcome these coy and delicate scruples. It is not, however, the first time that the doctor has shewn himself shy in his proofs. If we are rightly informed, when requested to attend the college of physicians, to give his reasons for his opposition to vaccination, *delicacy* restrained him from appearing. In other words, he shrunk from the scrutinizing eye of men of honour, sense and science.

——— Spargere voces
In vulgum ambiguas

Seems to be a task more suited to his abilities, and more congenial with the frame of his mind.

The real contents of this volume our readers are now in possession of. We will put them in possession of a specimen of our author's erudition, both classical and medical.

We meet in the first pages with a crowd of quotations from classical authors, to prove points which require no proof at all. At p. 6, a dozen authorities are produced, to shew that the word *rabies* signifies anger. Juvenal we find quoted in

the following terms: Juvenalis, Sat. vi. *lib.* 2, l. 648, and that we may not impute this division to a printer's blunder, we have immediately following---ibid. Sat. xv. *lib. v.* l. 126. We may take for granted then, that the doctor never read a page of Juvenal in his life.

Now for the doctor's medical learning. He says,

'Boerhaave mentions that the infection in some cases, has been said to be twenty years before it produced its effects on the system. This, probably, was copied from Morgagni.'

Unfortunately for this conjecture, poor Boerhaave was dead and gone before Morgagni's great work was in existence. Why will not half-lettered and half-educated men, (the mongrels of literature, as we have heard them called) content themselves with quoting from the bottom of the page, without venturing upon conjectures of their own? The truth seems to be, that Morgagni either quoted in this place Boerhaave's commentator, Van Swietan; or that both took the tale from the same source, the German Ephemerides, where it is to be found on the authority of Schmidius. We do not say that the doctor has not read even the very epistle of Morgagni which he affects to quote, though both the aphorisms of Boerhaave, and the observations of his commentator, are referred to in it: We do not say this, since reading and reasoning are not necessarily connected, and we see that some of the hard names, with which he has adorned his pages, are extracted from this epistle. If we may credit old Gaspar á Reios, the hydrophobic poison has been latent even forty years.

We will present our readers with what we deem the best passage of the work. It is a recent narrative taken from a provincial paper. The facts deserve to be recorded.

'A hound, supposed to be mad, passed through my father's garden, skirmishing, as he passed, with several of my father's dogs, and with my spaniel; the former were all destroyed, but as I was not convinced that the hound was mad, I did not destroy the spaniel; and, as he had been wormed when a puppy, and had overtaken the hound, and had a second bite with him, I was confirmed in my opinion that there was no danger, from the general notion that dogs in health will not pursue a mad dog. I came up during this battle, and separated the dogs, when the hound snapped at me, and went off, and I could never get any subsequent intelligence of him. This was in the month of August. About three weeks after I went to the river to shoot wild fowls, taking the spaniel with me, but soon observed that he would not go into the water, as usual; and when driven in a little way, he soon returned, shivering, and I could not make him go in again. I had with me a young pointer, which the

spaniel made up to, on his return from the water; turned him on his back, and bit him several times. The next day, as the groom was trimming my horse, the spaniel came out of the stable, jumped up to the horse's lip, and left slight marks of his teeth, but which appeared like two mere scratches. Both dogs were confined. The spaniel daily got worse. About the fourth or fifth day, he got loose, with his chain on, went into the kitchen, and lay under the tables while the servants were at dinner. He did not molest any one, nor at all incline, like dogs that are not wormed, to run away, and snap indiscriminately, at every thing they pass; but, on being taken back, and fastened up, near the stable, he lay and bit the straw, refused food, and sprang from water, as if it would scald him. In a few days he died.

'The young pointer had all the symptoms of the malady usually described. Being convinced that he was perfectly mad, he was shot with a pistol.

'The horse was sent to an eminent farrier, who burnt the bitten part of the lip, and gave him the Ormskirk medicine. I drove him two or three months in a curricle, but observed that he continually rubbed his lip on the manger. At length, I found that he had imbibed the fatal poison. The time which had elapsed from the day he was bitten, till that when he was taken mad, was exactly six months and a fortnight. As his recovery was evidently impossible, I soon had him killed!!'

ART. XI.—*An Examination of Mr. Marsh's Hypothesis respecting the Origin of our three first Canonical Gospels: including an Attempt to explain the Phænomena observable in these Gospels by a new Hypothesis. By Daniel Veysie, B. D. Rector of Plymtree, Devon; and late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford.* London, Rivington, 1808. *pp.* 109.

IN this candid, liberal and well-digested pamphlet, Mr. Veysie argues, that the statement which Dr. Marsh has given of the phænomena observable in the three first gospels is inaccurate and incomplete; that his hypothesis will not account for all the phænomena, when more fully detailed; and, that another hypothesis will furnish a better solution.—If only a single document existed, to which the three evangelists were indebted for all the matters which they have in common, and if this document were, according to the hypothesis of Dr. Marsh, composed from the collective information, and ratified by the united authority of the apostles, the credibility and the sanction which it would have possessed, must have been so much superior to that which public opi-

nion would have ascribed to the production of any individual apostle, and much more of any other person less acquainted with the facts, or less honoured with the intercourse of Jesus, that we cannot make up our minds to account for its primary neglect, and its subsequent destruction. Its silent extinction, which seems to have excited no regret in the faithful, and no counteracting effort in the votaries of the doctrine, is a strong presumptive proof that it never existed. If it existed, it must have been regarded by the first Christians, with a high degree of confidence and veneration. But, how, according to the hypothesis of Dr. Marsh, was this veneration manifested?—by the unanimous, the deliberate and unresisted destruction of the document. Is this probable? considering the natural constitution of the human mind, is it possible? Had the first Christians so little regard for those immediate disciples of Jesus, and who, next to him, deserved their most profound reverence, and most affectionate esteem, as to suffer a document composed by their united labours, and written at a period when all the facts and doctrines were fresh in their memories, to perish without one effort to preserve it from oblivion? Instead of this highly authoritative, and, in every respect, credible and interesting document, would the Christian community have substituted three other narratives, of which all were written many years after the events which they record, and two of which, at least, were confessedly compiled by persons who were not in the number of the apostles. Is it common for men on such occasions to postpone the greater authority to the less? Is it usual for them to destroy a deed of the highest value, in order to give currency to one of subordinate importance? Did our ancestors commit magna charta to the flames or suffer every copy of it to be destroyed by the worm, or the mildew, after they had obtained the Petition of Right, the Bill of Rights, or the Act of Settlement?

It is not enough for Dr. Marsh to say, that the substance of this original apostolical document was incorporated in three other relations, and therefore, that the preservation of the original was no longer a matter of importance. For, in the first place, supposing the substance of this document to be actually incorporated in the three first gospels,—this incorporation does not appear to render the preservation of the document itself superfluous: for can the authority or the testimony of Matthew, of Mark, and Luke, either individually or conjointly, be reckoned a satisfactory substitute or a reasonable equivalent for that of the twelve apostles? Though this document of the twelve apostles might not have contained such a copious account of the discourses, or such numerous

details of the miracles of Jesus, as the more minute relations of Matthew, of Mark, and Luke: yet, who does not prefer an original to a compilation? Who would not have placed a much higher value on the most brief and compendious account of the doctrine, and the miracles of Jesus, under the hand and seal of the twelve apostles, than on the most diffuse and circumstantial accounts of any other writers of inferior credibility? Does Dr. Marsh, or do any of the converts to his theory, think that, if Jesus himself had written any epitome of his own life and doctrine, the preservation of it would have been esteemed superfluous, or of no moment, because a more copious history had been composed by some of his followers, at the expiration of from thirty to fifty or sixty years after his death? But a document which would deserve the next degree of credence, to one written by Jesus himself, would be a narrative composed by his apostles, or his personal friends and associates, who heard his teaching and saw his miracles.—Such a document Dr. Marsh supposes to have existed; but, strange to tell, he supposes the neglect or the impiety of the first Christians to have been such, as to have strangled it in its birth; or to have suffered three persons named Matthew, Mark and Luke, to consign it to the grave of oblivion, without one sigh of regret for its loss, or one grateful effort to preserve even the memory of so inestimable a gift.

From what we have said above, it will be seen that we consider the existence of any such document as Dr. Marsh supposes, to have been highly improbable; and the reader, who will consult this very able tract of Mr. Veysie, will find that the hypothesis of the Margaret professor is very unsatisfactory, as it will not account for the phænomena, of which Dr. Marsh seems to have had the vanity to think, that it furnished the only possible explanation.

If a document of such high and, indeed, unrivalled authority, as Dr. Marsh supposes, did exist, and was possessed by Matthew, by Mark, and Luke, how came they in the relations of some of the same facts (which, according to Dr. Marsh, existed in the document) to differ so materially from each other, and consequently from the document? For, if a document did exist which had received the sanction of the twelve apostles, we cannot believe that either Matthew, Mark, or Luke would have paid so little deference to their united authority as to alter their statements, or in any respect to contradict their testimony. Mr. Veysie has put this in a strong light. Let us hear what he says on the subject:—

'There occur,' says he, 'in the gospel, incongruities and

apparent contradictions, which in the opinion of the best critics form a strong objection against the supposition that the Evangelists copied from each other's gospels: and in my judgment they form an objection no less strong against the supposition that they all copied from one and the same document. For if, as Mr. Marsh's hypothesis requires, they all adhered to their document, no difference could have arisen between them; but they would all have agreed in relating the same thing in the same manner, as much as they must have done, if they had copied from each other. If, in order to avoid this difficulty, it be supposed that they did not all adhere to their document, but that occasionally some one (or more) of them gave a different representation of some fact either from his own knowledge or from information derived from another source; this appears to sap the very foundation of the edifice: for in this case what becomes of the authority of the document? and, how can all three Evangelists be said to have derived from it alone all the matter which they have in common?'

We shall now quote, for the satisfaction of the reader, the new hypothesis which Mr. Veysie has set up in opposition to that of Dr. Marsh; and which he endeavours to erect on the basis of a plurality of documents.

'The apostles, both in their public preaching, and in their private conversations, were doubtless accustomed frequently to instruct and improve their hearers by the recital of some action or discourse of our blessed Saviour. And many pious Christians, unwilling to trust to memory alone for the preservation of these valuable communications respecting their Redeemer, were induced to commit to writing the preaching of the apostles while it was fresh in their memory. And thus at a very early period, before any of our canonical gospels were written, believers were in possession of many narratives of detached parts of the history of Jesus. And because the apostles were accustomed to preach to the inhabitants of Judea in Hebrew, and to the inhabitants of other countries in the language or dialect of their respective countries, and perhaps most commonly in Greek, hence these narratives were drawn up, some in the Hebrew language, and others in Greek. Of the Hebrew narratives, the most important were soon translated into Greek, for the benefit of the Greek Christians, to whom they were unintelligible in the orginal, and vice versa. But these narratives, whether original or translated, coming from the hands of plain unlettered men, were simple and unadorned, not remarkable for either purity or elegance.

'In process of time, when these communications from the apostles were multiplied, it became the wish of many persons to collect them into a body, and to arrange them in due order. And this was the occasion of those attempts of which St. Luke

speaks in his preface: attempts to compile an orderly narrative of the transactions of Christ from materials furnished by those who had been eye-witnesses of his actions, and attendants upon his person. But since this was a work for which very few were properly qualified, it was doubtless for the most part very imperfectly performed. Among many well authenticated narratives which had gone abroad, there were probably some of doubtful authority, and others not intirely free from suspicion of error. To select therefore out of the mass of materials such pieces as were credible, and adapted to the exigencies of the church; to make the necessary alterations and additions; and to digest and arrange the whole in a proper manner, required a person, possessed of ample means of information, and of a disposition to use these means with industry and fidelity; and acting withal under the direction of the Spirit of God, to preserve him from essential error.

'Of the three first evangelists, Matthew alone was an eye-witness; and therefore he alone could write from a personal knowledge of the facts which he recorded. But even he judged it not expedient to draw altogether from his own stores; but to set the seal of an apostle to writings already extant in a more public and permanent manner than had hitherto been done. Accordingly he inserted in his gospel many narratives, which had been drawn up by others from his own preaching and that of the other apostles, amending and enlarging as he saw expedient, and interweaving such additional facts and discourses as the Holy Ghost brought to his remembrance. He intended his gospel for the use of believers of his own nation: he therefore wrote in his native language, commonly known by the name of Hebrew. Being more solicitous about things than words, he used his Hebrew narratives with no other alteration of the expression than the circumstances of the case required; and he gave a literal translation of his Greek documents, or used some literal version of them already made.

'He arranged his facts for the most part in chronological order: but as he wrote for the use of the Hebrew Christians, who were in danger from the doctrines and morals of the Pharisees, our Lord's greatest enemies; in one portion of his gospel, namely, from the latter end of the fourth chapter to the beginning of the fourteenth, which is appropriated to an exposition of the doctrine and a vindication of the person and character of his divine Master, he departed from a chronological arrangement, and adopted an order more subservient to his principal design. He has not given in detail the acts of our Lord's ministry during his journey from Galilee to the country beyond Jordan: but, being in possession of documents relating to them, he occasionally inserted them in other parts of his gospel, whenever a fit opportunity offered; either for the sake of the instruction which they contained; or that he might give a collected view of our Lord's doctrine upon any particular subject.

'A written gospel *then* became necessary, when the church was about to be deprived of the personal teaching of the apostles: accordingly we find that St. Matthew wrote his gospel, for the use of the believers in Judea, when he was about to leave them in order to go to other people *, perhaps, agreeably to the testimony of Irenæus †, about the year 61 or 62.

'St. Mark had no knowledge of St. Matthew's gospel: for before its publication he had accompanied St. Peter to Rome, taking with him the materials which he had collected for a Life of Christ; of which the greater part was the same as St. Matthew had used. As he intended his gospel for the use of the Gentiles, he omitted many things which more immediately concerned the Jews; and inserted occasionally explanations of Jewish customs and names. He added various circumstances relating to the facts which he recorded, the knowledge of which he probably acquired from St. Peter. He has not recorded the acts of our Lord's ministry during his journey from Galilee to the country beyond Jordan, nor has he inserted any of them in any other part of his gospel. He published his gospel at Rome for the benefit of the believers there, at no great distance of time from the publication of St. Matthew's gospel in Judea.

'About the same time, whether before or after is not certain, St. Luke, in another part of the Roman empire, was moved, as he himself informs us, by the attempts of many, who had undertaken to give a regular narrative of the acts of Christ, to engage in the same work; for which his constant attendance upon St. Paul had eminently qualified him. The materials which he employed were many of them the same as had been used by the other evangelists; but some of the narratives had been drawn up by different persons, and perhaps from the preaching of other apostles. And being diligent in his enquiries and researches, he was enabled to add greatly to the number. We have from this evangelist an account of the acts and discourses of our Lord, during the time which elapsed between his preparation to leave Galilee and his last journey to Jerusalem from the country beyond Jordan. This occupies a large portion of his gospel: namely, ch. ix. 51—xviii. 14.

'Both St. Mark and St. Luke wrote in Greek. But, St. Mark being a plain unlettered man, and but meanly skilled in the Greek language, was for the most part satisfied with the very words of his Greek documents, and with giving a literal version of such as he translated from the Hebrew. Whereas St. Luke being a greater master of the Greek language, was more attentive to the diction, and frequently expressed the meaning of his documents in more pure words, and a more elegant form. Only he adhered more closely to the very expression of his documents, when he came to insert quotations from the Old

* Eus. Eccl. Hist. lib. iii. cap. 24. † Adv. Hær. lib. iii. cap 1.

Testament, or to recite discourses and conversations, and especially the discourses of our blessed Saviour. Both St. Mark and St. Luke adhered to the arrangement which they found in those documents which contained more facts than one. The documents themselves they arranged in chronological order. All the evangelists connected the documents one with another, each for himself, and in his own way.

'After the publication of the two last gospels, St. Matthew's gospel was fitted for general use by being translated into Greek. As St. Matthew had much matter in common sometimes with St. Mark, and sometimes with St. Luke, and sometimes with both; his translator made great use of their gospels, frequently copying the very words where they suited his purpose: but perceiving that the form of St. Mark's narrative bore a greater resemblance to St. Matthew's than that of St. Luke, he commonly prefered St. Mark's gospel; and made no use of St. Luke's, except where he could derive no assistance from St. Mark. But the use which he made of the other gospels was by no means constant; for where he had no doubt, or perceived no difficulty, he frequently translated for himself, without looking for assistance from either St. Mark or St. Luke.'

We shall not offer any opinion of our own on this new hypothesis of Mr. Veysie, except that we think it much more satisfactory than that of the Margaret professor. We have often been surprised and amused by the polemical subtlety of Dr. Marsh, and we respect the variety, the extent and the depth of his theological lore, but we think that he is inferior to Mr. Veysie, and to many other divines whom we could name, in strength of intellect, and solidity of judgment.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

Art. 12.—*Two Letters to a Barrister, containing Strictures on his Work in three Parts, entitled, Hints to the Public and the Legislature, on the Nature and Effect of Evangelical Preaching. By a Looker-on.* London, Black *and* Parry, 1809.

IF we did not know the very great liberties which the priests of this sect take with the docility of their disciples, we should consider such a gross attempt at a defence as this is, as an insult on the common sense of their readers. Really these *anti-moralists*, as they are very justly termed, seem to set both religion and reason equally at defiance.

We suspect this *Looker-on* to have looked only on *one side.* He styles himself indeed an Anti-Calvinist, and by that expedient seeks to obtain credit for candour, but he is every now and then off his guard, the mask is dropped, and he betrays himself to the most superficial observer.

That the strong fortress of Calvinistic methodism has been shaken by the 'HINTS,' and that the popularity of some of its most active teachers has been considerably lowered, we can readily believe, but it is not by such feeble advocates as have hitherto come forward in defence of the cause that any good can be done; they are not defending the interests of religion, but are striving to support a system by which they are themselves supported, and which they contrive to turn to very good account. This naturally makes them very zealous; but they have manifested more zeal than wisdom, and, where they might have concealed their imbecility by their silence, have foolishly written themselves into disrepute, and have publicly exposed their weakness by shewing how little could be done by a muster of all their strength. As a specimen of the reasoning contained in these two Epistles to the Barrister, we shall select the following defence of Dr. Hawker.

'For so very peculiarly directed to the sinner, and to him only, is the blessed gospel of the Lord Jesus, that, unless you are a sinner, you are not interested in its saving truths.' On this passage you comment thus: 'I really thought the good doctor had gone *quite far enough*, when he affirmed, 'that our future salvation is so completely without terms and conditions, that *every idea of moral goodness*, as a *qualification* for obtaining it, *is done away.*' But here we find, that *moral evil* is itself indispensible to our future acceptance, and thus sin is made necessary to salvation. To what lengths will the anti-moralists go next !!!' Now, sir, anti-calvinistic as I account myself, I find nothing so atrocious in this passage as you would represent. Our Lord expressly told the self-righteous Pharisees of old, that *he came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance;* Matthew, ix. 13. and further assures us, Luke, xv. 7. that *joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, that need no repentance.* Besides, we learn from St. Paul, Rom. vii. 23. that *all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.* Therefore when the doctor tells us, that unless we are sinners, we are not interested in the saving truths of the blessed gospel, he does no more than prove, that *all mankind* are interested in these saving truths.'

POLITICS.

ART. 13. *A concise View of the Constitution of England. By George Custance. Second edition, corrected and enlarged.* London, Longman. *pp.* 491.

THE author says, that the favourable reception which a first edition of this work experienced, has induced him to publish the

present edition, in which he has made considerable additions. Most of the works on this subject deal largely in the generalities of panegyric, without any distinct specification of the theoretical and practical merits and defects of the constitution. The theory is evidently a very different thing from the practice;—and the practice has in so many instances altered the theory, that the theory and the practice often bear as little resemblance to each other, as a dead stag does to a live lion. It cannot be supposed, that Mr. Custance, who seems to have designed this work for young gentlemen at school, should have gone into any historical details of recent transactions, to show the difference between the theory and the practice of the constitution: but those young gentlemen who adopt their ideas of the present government from his book will find, when they enter the world, that, in this as well as in many other instances, they have been the dupes of delusive representations and of agreeable pictures of what is not to be found in the realities of life. A book of this kind, which is intended for juvenile students, ought to be written with purity and elegance. How much of these qualities there may be in the following sentence, we shall leave it to the reader to determine.

'The last time the Lords contended with the Commons, respecting their right to alter a money-bill, was in 1671, during the reign of Charles II. when the altercations between the two houses ran so *highly*, that the king was obliged to prorogue the parliament *notwithstanding*, he *thereby* lost the intended supplies.'

POETRY.

Art. 14. *Rebellion in Bath: or the Battle of the Upper-rooms: an heroico—odico—tragico—comico Poem. In two Cantos: By the late Peter Paul Pallet. Canto the First: Edited by his nephew, Timothy Goosequill: To which is added, a Vindication of the glorious Revolution in* 1688, *from Aspersions cast on it, in a Sermon preached by the Rev. Henry Phillpotts, Vicar of Kilmersden, Somerset, before the University of Oxford: By Tom Type.* London, Wilkie and Robinson, 1808. 4*to.* 5*s. pp.* 74.

Art. 15. *The Restoration: being the Second and last Canto of Rebellion in Bath: By the late Peter Paul Pallett, deceased. With an Apology for the Poem, and numerous Notes, Anecdotes, &c. By Timothy Goosequill.* London. Wilkie and Robinson, 1809. 4*to. pp.* 88. 4*s.*

THESE two Cantos of this sprightly and animated Poem, have afforded us much amusement, and we think that there are few of our readers, who will not be gratified by the perusal, particularly if they happen to be acquainted with Bath, and with those who usually take refuge from ennui in that place of fashionable resort. The author has caught the true spirit of the mock-heroic; and the first Canto, is full of bustle and animation, which do not suffer the attention to flag, nor the interest to cool.

The second Canto, is chiefly taken up with the speech of Humbug, who indulges himself, in a good deal of political digression, and wanders from the Upper-rooms of Bath, to paint some portraits in the chapel of St. Stephens, as well as those of certain metaphysicians and divines in the world at large. In the first Canto, the author describes a dreadful conflict in the Upper-rooms at Bath, which was occasioned by some invidious attentions which Ramrod the *king*, or master of the ceremonies, had shewn to a titled dame called Wilhelmina Puff, the wife of a tobacconist, who had obtained the honours of knighthood. Ramrod had but just marshalled the 'skipping crew,' when this stately dame made her appearance, which so dazzled Ramrod, that 'with due courtesies of head and heels,' he conducted the

——— '*bit of title* to the spot
Mark'd out of old, as rank's exclusive lot;'

or the lower bench at the top of the room, which is appropriated to people of rank. This mark of distinguished preference for such a dame as Lady Wilhelmina Puff, brings Eris, or the goddess of contention, into the rooms, who inspires Lady Lofty with as much indignation against Ramrod, as Minerva breathed into the bosom of Diomed against the Cyprian queen. Lady Lofty is powerfully seconded by the infuriated Rattana, who seizes Ramrod by his 'dependent tail,' batters his smiling face with reiterated slaps, till he is finally prostrated on the ground by the rebellious crew.——But the fallen monarch of the Upper-rooms, was not deserted in his utmost need by Wilhelmina Puff. She bravely asserts his cause,

'——— the Amazon,
Of muscle strong, vast size, and giant bone;
Whose late monopoly of Ramrod's smile
Had vex'd the ladies and provok'd their bile,
Indignant at the treatment of her beau,
So elevated once, and now so low:
She bursts the circle, with impetuous strength,
Which dense, surrounds the ruler's prostrate length,
And like the fam'd colossus of the Sun,
Bestriding her fall'n friend, she thus begun,
Why, what the devil are the fools about,
Filling the room with such a black-guard rout:
Rouzing an insurrection, one and all;
And knocking down the master of the ball?

'Let any twenty of your troops come forth,
And lay down all the little they are worth,
The sum shall doubled be by Timmy Puff,
Whose heavy purse will still contain enough
To dress his lady in a better style
Than any one amongst your rank and file.
But bating this, I will not live to see
On English ground, such inequality,

As all united against one poor devil,
Because, forsooth, he's been a little civil.
No, vixens! Lady Wilhelmina Puff,
Though mild and gentle, can be fierce and rough;
Can exercise her tongue, and fist, and nails,
'Gainst any one, who 'Ramrod next assails.'

Lady Wilhelmina is now menaced by Lady Lofty, who directs her vengeance at the lace, gauze, jewels, and 'voluminous wig,' of her hated foe. Lady Wilhelmina's wig is twitched off by one successful pull, and her scalp left bare to the amusement of the company,—but Lady Lofty has occasion to repent her temerity;—for,

'A weighty blow from Wilhelmina came
Full on the cheek of the illustrious dame,
Marks of the mighty fingers instant rise;
The scalding tears suffuse her lovely eyes;
Like flea she backward jumps, then shrieks aloud,
And cowardly runs shrieking through the crowd.'

The conflict now waxes very warm, and is depicted with much variety and animation. Wilhelmina protects the fallen monarch with great dignity and effect,

Her petticoats depending o'er his face
Secured his tumbled head from more disgrace;
While her vast legs his shoulders twain comprest,
And sav'd the costly medal on his breast.
But as her tongue, eyes, hands, incessant move
To meet the desp'rate war that flames *above*,
Below RATTANA makes a base attack
On silent Ramrod, flound'ring on his back,
And tweaks his nose with so malign a pull,
The monarch bellows like a madden'd bull.
Astonished at the unexpected note
That issued from beneath her petticoat,
PUFF's eye is backward, instantly, inclin'd
To see if all be safe and sound behind.
RATTANA's fraud immediate she detects,
And e'er the strapping maid again erects
Her form majestic, an impetuous blow
From Lady WILHELMINA lays her low.
Falling, she shrieks aloud; 'Ah me! I die!'
Then silence seals her tongue, and night her eye.
So when the tulip of majestic air
(The painted beauty of the bright parterre)
Yields to the fury of the stormy wind,
Or the rude finger of unthinking hind,
Low on the earth its haughty crown is laid
Its leaves collapse, and all its colours fade.)'

Mrs. VEHICLE, 'but four and fifty,' and a lady 'of more than

mortal impudence of mien,' takes an active part in the contest and ranges herself on the side of the enemies to Ramrod. The battle becomes at last so furious and loud, that *Stroud*, the occupier of the Wine-vaults, below the Upper-rooms, who was busy bottling his intoxicating fluids for *immediate use*, becomes alarmed at the clatter over-head, lest the company should break through into his dark domain, and 'make his port as thick as mud,' in much the same manner as Pluto is represented in Homer, as starting from his throne, expecting that during the terrific encounter of the Greeks and Trojans, the solid earth would be riven, and the light of day poured into his realms of night.

Stroud exclaims with appropriate indignation and heroic dignity,

> 'What are the sons of b——s doing?
> By all that's good! they'll be my ruin.
> ———————
> Zounds what a crash! they've burst the floor!
> Here, Jack! do you secure the door,
> Whilst I step up amongst the boys
> And try to stop their cursed noise.'

In the second Canto, Eris retires; and three *supernatural beings*, who are well delineated in the title page to the first Canto, make their appearance in the orchestra, *Folly*, *Vanity*, and *Humbug*. Humbug makes a long speech, as we have mentioned above, and he concludes by bidding the different combatants of both sexes their

> ———' proper business mind——*to play* the *fool*;
> And quietly submit to Ramrod's rule.'

This advice seems to please all, save V-g-t-b-e, who proposes in a speech, which strongly excited our risible muscles while we read it, to turn the Upper-rooms into a '*fashionable preacher's place*.'—This proposition, the author of which is described as the powder'd, silken, smirking votary of *Folly*, *Vanity*, and *Humbug*, is complacently received though not adopted, as Ramrod's dynasty was not to be destroyed:—

> 'The beaus and ladies to their places ran,
> The monarch *clapped his hands*, and dancing straight began.'

Had we room we should have quoted the description which the author has given of Lady Wilhelmina Puff's first appearance, which is executed with great spirit and discrimination; as well as many other parts of the work. The notes which the author has added, prove him to be a scholar, a man of reading, taste, and observation; a vigorous enemy to hypocrisy, and a warm friend to virtue and to truth.

ART. 16.—*Solomon: a Sacred Drama. Translated from the German of Klopstock. By Robert Huish.* London, Hatchard, 1809. 8vo. 5s.

THIS is not the place to criticise the dramatic merits of Klopstock's Solomon; our present business is only with the translation. This is executed with ability; and to those who are acquainted with the tumid, obscure and inverted style of the German poet, it will appear no easy task.

ART. 17.—*The Village Sunday, a Poem: moral and descriptive, in the manner of Spenser.* London, Setchel, King-street, Covent Garden.

THE author says that 'the Village Sunday was originally written for the gratification of some friends, whose relish for the compositions of Spenser, was, like my own, very keen.' Some of the descriptive parts are rather pleasing, but there is no novelty in the images, nor pathos in the sentiment. The poem itself will not bear a comparison with Burnes' Cotter's Saturday Night, of which it is, in some places, a very feeble imitation. All that the author has caught of the *manner* of Spenser, except the wearisome monotony of his stanza, is the use of some uncouth and antiquated words, as *certes, eftsoones, mouchel, hight, stound, theives,* &c. &c. which excite aversion and disgust, rather than any pleasurable feeling. The following stanza may serve as a specimen:

'And sooth to say, the lowly peasant finds
In practis'd piety a covert bower,
For shelter from neglects' cold frequent winds,
And from the *surquedry* of passing *stower.*
And in the sunshine of his happiest hour,
(Like happy hours, O many him betide)
He loves to gaze upon this fadeless flower,
E'en then more dear to him than all beside,
And wears it in his breast as rose that never died.'

We cannot suppose that the ear of any reader, however devoted to the *manner* of Spenser, will be much delighted with '*the surquedry of passing stower;*' nor that he will see much fitness in the conversion of the '*covert bower*' in the second verse into a 'fadeless flower' in the seventh. The rhimes *betide* and *beside* are not very musical; and by '*rose that never died*' in the last verse, we suppose that the author intended to signify 'rose that never *dies.*' But there is a great difference between saying that a man *never died,* or is not yet dead, and saying that he *never dies,* or is immortal.

NOVELS.

ART. 18.—*Sir Owen Glendower, and other Tales, in 3 vols. By Anthony Frederic Holstein.* London, Lane and Co. 1809

SOME of these tales are of the terrific kind, some are romantic, and others simple enough. The tale of the Stranger is,

us we think, one of the best, though the improbabilities throughout are very evident. Egbert is terrific and wild. But the tale of Jessy is far preferable to either; there is more nature displayed; and some of the characters are well drawn. The character of Lady Monimia Grantham is eccentrically new, and by no means unpleasing: there is also some wholesome instruction in the winding up of the whole. Ellen is the next tale, in which there is much interest and some intrigue, and the Orphan Heiress the next; each of these tales has a good moral. Sir Owen Glendower appears to us the least interesting; but in this species of writing, of which we have so much, we cannot expect novelty.

If we find no offence against morality we must be satisfied; and in this negative virtue Mr. Frederic Holstein has not failed. If he continues this mode of occupation, which we do not warmly recommend, his language will probably improve, and his stories attain more probability and interest.

ART. 19.—*Celia in search of a Husband. By a Modern Antique. 2 vols. small octavo.* Newman, 1809.

THE Authoress of these Volumes offers so pretty an Apology, in so diffidently hesitating a manner, for the 'presumption' displayed in the title page, and for the many errors which, she fears, may be discerned by the keen eye of criticism in her performance, that we will promise, in direct violation of our bounden duty, to let both the one and the other pass unnoticed.

'Cœlebs' she says 'had appeared; *it would be answered*; but it must be answered *directly*.'

A Snarler would, perhaps say to the lady, 'Where is the necessity?' another might be tempted to ask her 'Where is the answer?' For ourselves, we have looked a little farther, even into the next page of her book, where we are told to 'consider that what is sport to *us*, is death to *her*;' upon which we can only assure her, that she is mistaken in the opinion she has formed of our character, and that we have no sport in the death of any fair lady whatever.

We shall therefore conclude this article, not in the language of censure, but in that of panegyrick. So far from agreeing with the lady in a sentiment which her modesty only could have suggested, so far from thinking that the pious book above mentioned is a specimen of such transcendent genius that 'a long life, even blessed with *superior talents*, would scarcely produce a work whose *intrinsic* worth could class it with that performance;' we are of opinion that 'Celia in search of a Husband' is direct evidence that a life, not we imagine, very long, nor yet blessed with any great superiority of endowments, is sufficient to produce a work whose *intrinsic* worth sets it very far above the said performance. For, although 'Celia' may want discrimination of character, strength of language, and force of reasoning, which the said performance is asserted to possess, we have

not discovered in her the want of infinitely higher and more estimable qualities, those of christian humility, and christian charity. She does not impiously pretend to be so far favoured with a knowledge of the inscrutable designs of Providence as to point out with certainty the objects of future indignation and mercy. She neither arrogates to herself an undoubted election to eternal happiness, nor, equally undoubting, denounces everlasting damnation against 'such good-natured creatures as Mr. Flam.'

MEDICINE.

ART. 20.—*Analysis of the Carbonated Chalybeate, lately discovered near Stow, with Observations on the effects of Carbonic Acid and Nitrogen Gas on the Animal Economy, &c. and Extracts from some of the best Authorities we have, relative to the use of Chalybeates. To which is subjoined a Glossary of the technical Words necessarily made use of in the Work. By R. Farmer.* London, 1808. Lackington.

MR. Farmer appears to have taken considerable pains to form an accurate analysis of this mineral spring near Stow; and he has given the results of forty-seven different experiments, which he made on the occasion. According to the account of Mr. Farmer, this spring contains a much larger proportion of iron than the waters of Tunbridge or Cheltenham. Mr. Farmer estimates the nitrogen gas to be 74-4 cubic inches in a gallon. Mr. Farmer afterwards makes some observations on the medicinal virtues of this spring; and the diseases in which it may be beneficially employed. We suppose that the principal object of Mr. Farmer, is to render Stow, like Tunbridge or Cheltenham, a place of crowded resort during the summer months, for the idle as well as for the sick. In this respect, he must probably rely more on the caprice of fashion, or the local scenery, &c. &c. than on the real or supposed virtues of the newly discovered spring.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 21.—*The Librarian; by James Savage, of the London Institution. Vol. 1, 1808, Vol. 2, 1809.*

THIS work is published in monthly numbers of one shilling each; each number containing three sheets of letter-press. In his first number, Mr. Savage, the industrious editor, stated that it was his object to give an analysis of books in general, both old and new; a history of public libraries, some account of the printed transactions of learned societies, and of the reports and papers laid before parliament. The following are the names of the books of which Mr. Savage has exhibited an analysis in the present publication:—'Horsley's Britannia Romana,' 'Chauncey's Historical Antiquities of Hertfordshire,' 'Museum Worsleyanum,' 'Drake's Eboracum, or the History and Antiquities of the City of York,' 'Sandford's Genealogical History of the Kings and Queens of England, &c.' 'Enderbie's Cambria Triumphans,' 'Chamberlain's Imitations of Original Drawings by Hans Holbein, with Biographical Traits,' 'Stukeley's Itinerarium Curiosum,' 'Borlases Antiquities of Cornwall,' 'Wren's Parentalia;'—such are the works which Mr. Savage has selected

for analysis, which will be principally gratifying to the lovers of antiquarian research. In the first volume, and in the number for December, 1808, there is an account of the last illness of Professor Porson, with engraved specimens of his hand-writing both in English and in Greek. The list of the papers which are printed by the house of commons in each session of parliament, is a useful part of the Librarian. Mr. Savage might certainly add much to the utility and interest of his work; and we think that he will succeed best in these respects, by confining himself to those subjects which are more strictly included in the title of his book. 'The Librarian,' indeed, is a term which may comprehend every thing relative to literature in general; but Mr. Savage should be chiefly attentive to the communication of such particulars as may be useful to gentlemen and scholars in the formation of a library, or in pointing out to the different descriptions of literary students, sources of information, which may be necessary in the particular pursuits in which they are engaged. The account which Mr. Savage has already given or proposes to give of the various records, documents, &c. &c. of the different public or private libraries may contribute very much to this useful end. One part of Mr. Savage's work might be properly devoted to the enumeration of the books which may be or which should be considered by those who undertake to discuss any particular subject of literature and science. Those who think to improve any branch of knowledge ought first to make themselves acquainted with what has been done by those who have gone before them in the same track. Hence a list of authors, who have treated on the same subject, with a short summary of their labours, the several additions which they made to the stock of general knowledge, the discovery of new truths, or the subversion of old errors, with the succession of theories which have at different times been entertained by the fanciful, the foolish, or the wise, would form a very proper subject for one of the departments of the Librarian, and render it a very acceptable publication.

ART. 22.—*Exercises on Elocution; or Poems select and original, principally intended for Public Recitation: compiled and written by J. V. Button, of the Classical and Commercial Academy, Cliff, Lewes.* London, Button, 1809, *pp.* 231. 3*s.* 6*d.*

THIS is a very amusing collection of poems. The juvenile reader will be particularly gratified with it, and indeed he must be difficult to please who does not find some pieces in it which are suited to his taste.

ART. 23.—*The Elements of Astronomy, according to the Newtonian Principles, illustrated by several new and interesting Diagrams, and adapted, as far as the Science will admit, to the plainest capacities. Intended solely for the Instruction of young Ladies and Gentlemen, By George Reynolds,* London, 12*mo.* 1809. 4*s.* 6*d.* Sherwood, Neeley and Jones.

THE principal requisite in works of this nature is perspicuity of exposition. The present performance is not deficient in this

respect; and it may answer the purpose of communicating a little astronomical instruction to 'young ladies and gentlemen,' as well as many other epitomes of the same kind.

ART. 24.—*Strictures on Mr. Hale's Reply to the Pamphlets lately published in Defence of the London Female Penitentiary. By G. Hodson. To which is added, a Letter to the Author on the Inadequacy of the Poor Laws for employing, protecting, and reclaiming unfortunate Females, destitute of Work. In Answer to Mr. Hale's Reply. By Mr. Blair, Surgeon of the Lock Hospital, &c.* London, Williams, 1809. *pp.* 132. 2*s.* 6*d.*

WE have, from the beginning, been friendly to the establishment of the London female Penitentiary, and we think that the objections with which it has been assailed by Mr. Hale, are futile and unjust. Both reason and scripture are in this instance against Mr. Hale; and we were sorry to find him urging vain and frivolous cavils against an institution, the express object of which is to mitigate the sufferings of some of the most miserable of the human race. The cause of the London Penitentiary is well supported in these strictures of Mr. Hodson, and in the annexed letter of Mr. Blair.

ART. 25.—*Principles of Mental and Moral Philosophy. To which is prefixed, Elements of Logic. By William Enfield, M. A. Author of the New Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language, Elements of Natural Theology, &c. &c.* ASSISTED BY EMINENT PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMEN. London, Tegg, 1809.

LOCKE, Hartley, and Paley have each furnished their quota to the present performance. When Mr. Enfield was assisted by the guidance of such luminaries, we do not see any reason why he should have called in the *eminent professional gentlemen* who are mentioned in his title-page. Besides, who were these professional gentlemen? Were they lawyers, physicians, or divines? Are they real or imaginary personages? Did the author suppose that they would operate as a catch-fly to the book? However this may be, the book itself is not badly executed; and Mr. Enfield should have recollected the old adage, that "good wine needs no bush."

ART. 26.—*An Account of the last Illness of Richard Porson, A. M. Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, and principal Librarian of the London Institution. By James Savage, of the London Institution.* London, William Savage, Bedford Bury, 1808.

THE friends and admirers of the late incomparable Greek scholar and critic, Mr. Professor Porson, will, we have no doubt, be much obliged to Mr. Savage for this accurate and circumstantial account of his last illness, as well as with the two specimens of his hand-writing which are prefixed.

Art. 27.—*Think before you Speak: or the Three Wishes, a Tale. By the Author of Peacock at Home.* London, Godwin, Skinner-Street, 1809.

Art. 28.—*Poetry for Children. By the Author of Mrs. Leicester's School, 2 vols.* London, Godwin, Skinner-Street, 1809.

We have given the titles of the above for the sake of our Juvenile friends, but it cannot be expected we should criticise the merits or demerits of these trivial performances.

Alphabetical Monthly Catalogue, or List of Books published in October, 1809.

ABERNETHY—Surgical Observations. Part I. On the Constitutional Origin and Treatment of Local Diseases, and on Aneurisms. By John Abernethy, F. R. S. 8vo. 7s.

Amos—A Letter to the Lord Mayor on General Medical Relief, to the Diseased Poor of the City of London. By James Amos, jun. 2s. 6d.

Asiatic Researches, or Transactions of the Society instituted in Bengal. Vol. X. 4to. 31s. 6d.

Bank—Substance of the Proceedings of the Proprietors of the Bank of England, Sept. 21, 1809, on the Dividend and on the Situation of their Affairs. 1s.

Barrington—Historical Anecdotes and Secret Memoirs of the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland. By Sir Jonah Barrington. Part I. Imperial 4to. 21s.

Bawdwen—A Translation of the Record called Domesday, for the Counties of York, Lincoln, Derby, Nottingham and Rutland. By the Rev. W. Bawdwen, 4to. 2l. 2s.

Belfour—The Lyceum of Ancient Literature, or Biographical and analytical Account of the Greek and Roman Classics. By the Rev. O. Belfour, 12mo. 8s.

Bonaparte—The First Book of Napoleon, the Tyrant of the Earth, written in the 5813th year of the world, and 1809th of the Christian era. By Eliakim the Scribe. 8vo. 6s.

Burgess—The Arabick Alphabet, or an easy Introduction to the Reading of Arabick. For the use of Hebrew Students. By the Lord Bishop of St. David's. 1s.

Clarke and Lewis—The Travels of Captain's Clarke and Lewis, from St. Louis by way of the Missouri and Columbia Rivers to the Pacific Ocean in 1804, 5, and 6. 8vo. 9s.

Covent Garden Theatre—Statement of a Few Facts, and an impartial Appeal on the Question at Issue, between the Public and the Proprietors of this Theatre. 1s.

————A short Address to the Public on raising the Prices at C. G. Theatre, and engaging Madam Catalani.

————The Tuespiad. 2s. 6d.

Cursory View of the late Administration, with a few Remarks on the Strictures of the Quarterly Review on Mr. Moore's Publication. 1s. 6d.

De Lisle—A Soldier's Offspring, or the Sisters. By Emma De Lisle. 2 vols. 12mo. 10s.

Evans—The Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity considered, in Reference to its Tendency. By the Rev. John Evans. 1s.

Eyre—The Vintagers; a musical Romance, in two Acts. By E. J. Eyre. 1s. 6d.

Feron—A Complete Treatise on Farriery, comprising the modern Practice of the Veterinary Art, &c. &c. By J. Feron, Veterinary Surgeon to the 12th Light Dragoons. Royal 8vo. 21s.

Frantic (Sir) the Reformer, or the Humours of the Crown and Anchor. 4s.

Grafton's Chronicle; or History of England. To which is added, his Table of the Bailiffs, Sheriffs, and Mayors of the City of London. 2 vols. Royal 4to. 4l. 4s.

Hassell—The Speculum; an Essay on the Art of Drawing in Water Colours. By J. Hassell. 1s. 6d.

Italian (The) Marauders, a Romance. By Anna Matilda. 4 vols. 20s.

Jubilee—An Address to the Inha-

bitants of Great Britain and Ireland on the Jubilee. 1s.

Kerr—A Statistical, Agricultural, and Political Survey of Berwickshire. By Mr. Kerr, 8vo. 13s.

Luxmoore—Practical Observations on Strictures of the Urethra, &c. By Thomas Luxmoore, 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Martin—Petrifica Derbiensia, or Figures and Descriptions of Petrifactions collected in Derbyshire. By W. Martin. 4to. 2l. 12s. 6d.

Matilda Montford, a Romantic Novel. 4 vols. 21s.

Maunde—Journal of the Military Operations during the Blockade and Siege of Genoa. By J. Maunde. 8vo. 6s.

Memorandums and Narratives, Civil, Military, Naval, Parliamentary, and Ecclesiastical; including Accounts of Pensions, &c. as extracted from the Papers laid before the House of Commons, and other authentic Documents.

Montagu—The Opinions of different Authors upon the Punishment of Death. Selected by Basil Montagu, esq. 8vo. 8s.

Mortimer—The Grammar of Trade, Manufactures, and Commerce. By Thomas Mortimer. 3s. 6d.

Onesimus examined, or Strictures on his new Work, "The Pulpit." By an Evangelical Minister. 1s.

Pharmacopœia Collegii Regalis Medicorum Londinensis, 1809. 4to. 24s. 18mo. 4s.

Plowden—The History of Ireland from its Invasion by Henry II. to its Union with Great Britain. By Francis Plowden, esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. Royal 8vo. 2l. 2s.

Pocock—Yes or No! a Musical Farce. By J. Pocock. 1s. 6d.

Porter—Don Sebastian, or the House of Braganza, an historical Romance. By Anna Maria Porter. 4 vols 12mo. 21s.

Reynolds—The Elements of Astronomy, according to Newtonian Principles. By G. Reynolds. 4s. 6d.

Setting (The) Sun, or the Devil amongst the Placemen. 3 vols. small 8vo. 21s.

Spain—A Narrative of the most interesting Circumstances, attending the second Siege of Zaragosa. By Don M. P. Ric. Translated from the Spanish, with an Appendix, containing the French Account. 2s. 6d.

Tales of the Realms, collected during a tour through Europe. By a Traveller. 2 vols. 12mo. 8s.

Tales of Yore, in three vols. 12mo. 15s. boards.

Templeman—Gilbert, an Amatory Poem. By James Templeman, 4to. 12s. and a small edition 2s. 6d.

Ticken—An Historical Chart of the Reign of King George the Third, comprising a period of 49 years. By Mr. Ticken. 10s. 6d.

Travels of Lycurgus, the Son of Eunomus of Sparta, to Crete, Tyre, and Egypt, in Search of Knowledge. 12 mo. 3s. 6d.

Trimmer—A Brief Enquiry into the present State of Agriculture in the Southern Parts of Ireland, and its Influence on the Manners of the lower Classes of the People. By Joshua Kirby Trimmer.

Wallace—A Dissertation on the Numbers of Mankind in ancient and modern Times. By R. Wallace, D. D. 8vo. 9s.

Ware—A Treatise on the Properties of Arches, and their Abutment Piers; containing Propositions for describing geometrically the Catenaria, and the Extra-Dosses of all Curves, so that their several Parts and their Piers may equilibrate. By Samuel Ware. 18s.

Witherby,—A Vindication of the Jews, by way of Reply to a Letter addressed by Perseverans to the English Israelite. By Tho. Witherby, 7s.

List of Articles which, with many others, will appear in the next Number of the C. R.

Lord Valentia's Travels.
Belfour's Battle of Roncesvalles.
Biographical Peerage.
Anstey's Poetical Works.
Mrs. Montagu's Letters.
Molina's History of Chili concluded.
Shee's Rhymes of Art.
Powel's Translation of the New Pharmacopeia.